



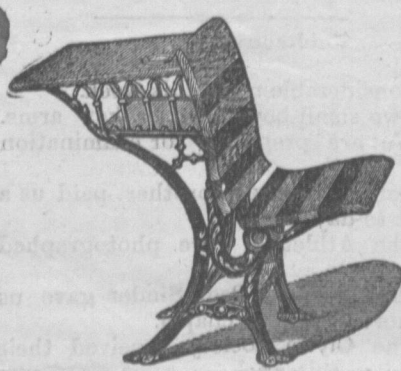
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VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

NUMBER 23.

POETRY.

Decoration Day, 1880—A Pledge to the Dead.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystic ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of night—
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right!

They loved as we loved, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Starting up to the pitiless skies:
Left the tumult of youth, the sweet guerdon
That promised to crown them from fate—
Gave all, for the agonized burden
Of death for the flag of the State!

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain,
That only by angels is trod,
Where they muse by the crystalline fountain,
And springs in the garden of God,
Are they not in unspeakable splendor?
Do they never look back with regret?
Ah, the valiant are constant and tender,
And honor can never forget!

Divine is their pitying sadness,
They grieve for their comrades of earth;
They will hear us, and start into gladness,
And echo the notes of our mirth:
They will lift their white hands in a blessing
Upon us, and bid us to be true;
The rapture of friendship confessing
With harp and the waving of wings!

In that grim and relentless upheaval
Which blesses the world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil—
The garland of peace on the brow;
They were shattered, consumed, and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn;
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
No longer is solemn with knells—
But softly with dowers and fairies,
And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells;
If virtue, in cottage and palace
Leads love to the bright of pride,
The because out of war's bitter chalice
Our heroes drank deeply—and died.

Ah, grander in doom-stricken glory
Than the greatest that linger behind,
They shall live in perpetual story,
Who saved the last hope of mankind!
For their cause was the cause of the races,
That languished in slavery's night;
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it,
To the freedom of planet and star;
Let the tempests of ocean enwrap it,
Let the winds of the night bear it far.
Our oath that, till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are sped,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead.

—National Citizen Soldier.

STORY TELLER.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"It will be a very wild night," said Michael Wayne to his wife, as they moved up closer to the comfortable fire.

"A bad night for seamen, poor things!" echoed Mrs. Wayne, and a ready tear forced itself down her cheeks, for her father and brethren had all been sailors, and each had found a grave in the sea.

A terrible gust of wind came at that moment, and beat in one of the windows; another, and the chimney threatened to topple down; and the third seemed to shake the foundations of the cottage in which they lived.

Michael Wayne was a poor man. All his life from his youth he had been a fisherman, barely gaining enough in the short summer and autumn to supply the wants of the winter and the tardy spring. His food was poor, his clothes were poor, and his was also a poor little cottage; yet Michael was rich in many things. He was rich in a sunny, cheerful temper, which no poverty could fret nor sour; rich in a wife, who was the kindest and pleasantest soul that ever brightened a poor man's home; and rich in one child, whose youth was just opening into manhood, and whose devoted attachment to his parents was the theme of all their neighbors.

On this stormy day the good and affectionate son—the only and dearly beloved—was out on the waves, exposed to the storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, and the pitiless hail, which came rattling down like a shower of stones. Neither of them could mention Paul's name. Something—they knew not what—kept back the well-beloved name, which before was ever on their lips, until, at a more blinding flash than the heavens were bursting asunder, Mrs. Wayne uttered the word "Paul!" and sank upon the floor.

Merciful, indeed, to the poor mother was the death-like swoon, and Michael thought it almost cruel to awaken her; but he took her in his arms, laid her on the bed, and bathed her cold hands and face with brandy—which he kept in the house as a restorative for those who might be cast on shore—and poured some of it between her pale lips. She revived, and then begged him to go out if possible, and see how the storm was dealing with human life. There was an interval, perhaps only long enough to gather new force, Michael said, and he could not bear to leave her, struggling with her fear, but she insisted, and he walked down to the shelving rocks that overhung the beach. Soon other men joined him.

Two or three large vessels were

careering onward and still onward to the dangerous shore. Loud cries were heard above the coarse murmur of the waves, and the louder din of the storm, while the occasional flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces and clinging forms, in the very attitude of the deepest fear. Michael's heart sank within him. Beyond the shore, at a long distance from the other vessels, a single light burned steadily, like a star, when all other lights were quivering and trembling. He kept his eye upon that one beam, and the next flash showed him the whole of the little schooner from which it proceeded. He knew it instantly. Paul's hand had crimped that binnacle lamp the very day before he sailed, and remarked upon its peculiar steadiness, owing to a certain wick which he had himself prepared, as well as to the superior oil which he had used.

"If he can but keep her off shore," said Michael to himself, and yet aloud. "What is that?" asked a hoarse voice at his side.

"Is that you, Mr. Washburn?" asked Michael.

"It is, my old friend," answered the gentleman, who was a large ship-owner, and whose son was daily expected home in the Cygnet. "Are you expecting any one Mr. Wayne?" continued Mr. Washburn; "or is it only your usual custom to brave the elements in this way?"

"I always come out in a storm," replied Michael, "but to-night I am expecting trouble for my son, who is out here, I fancy. I believe that to be his schooner yonder, as well as I can see."

"I too, fear for the Cygnet's safety," said Mr. Washburn. "And yet, perhaps, I ought not to expect her so soon. Heaven grant that my Willie may not be near this coast!" And the strong man wept like a child.

"Is he your only son, Mr. Washburn?" asked Michael. "Paul is my only son, sir. If you have other sons, you can hardly think what store we—that is, his poor mother and myself—set by the lad."

"I had another son, Mr. Wayne," replied Mr. Washburn; "but he went to sea many years ago, when he was a mere boy, and since then we have never seen nor heard from him. Ah, that was trouble, my old friend! Must I be called again to endure the same?"

"Mr. Washburn, the Almighty will do right by our children," said Michael. "Let us humbly believe that he will, and give them up to his care. He will not lay upon us heavier burdens than we can bear; and yet, oh, Mr. Washburn, while I speak my heart tells me that if my Paul is taken from me I shall rebel against His will!"

At this moment a large ship came on, pitching and rolling, with one mast shivered, as if by lightning, and a band of ghostly-looking objects on deck. As she made one fearful lurch a terrible and prolonged cry came up from her, that seemed to rise far above the fury of the storm or the deep thunder of the waves.

"That must be the Cygnet," said an old sailor beneath the cliff. "She is expected daily, and Mr. Washburn's bright little son is on board her."

"Mr. Washburn, hold up, sir!" said Wayne. "There is hope yet. Don't give way so, man! Willie will be saved yet!"

Onward drifted the ship, and fast in her wake shot forth the bright light in the binnacle of the little schooner.

"Both our sons?" exclaimed Michael. "God help us, Mr. Washburn!"

On and on they came, now raising with the billows, mountain high, and then settling down into the trough of the sea, until both vessels were directly in front of the rock where the two fathers stood, regardless of the pitiless storm that was drenching them through, and only alive to the danger of their sons. They grasped each other's hands with a grasp that seemed to bring their hearts and souls into contact. The poor man and the rich man, now poor alike, and bending before heaven together in the same deep sorrow!

There was a time—it might possibly be ten minutes—but it seemed like hours, when the noble ship was groaning, creaking bending under each successive strain, when suddenly she righted! Contrary to all reasonable expectation she took advantage of a temporary luffing of the wind, and stood off, with her shivered mast showing strongly in the first bright flash that came. But the schooner—where was that? They missed the bright light that had shown itself from the binnacle, and at once the fearful truth revealed to them in characters as burning as the fierce lightning that flashed over the waters. The ship in righting had borne down the schooner!

Mr. Washburn had no comfort to give to the half-distracted father, who lay on the wet rock, unable to move, or to control the terrible sighs that burst from him. Nothing could be known, for the ship was still standing off, under bare and

shivering masts, and there was no probability that any communication could be had with her until morning. The stricken father arose slowly, and turned toward his home. Mr. Washburn supported him. He had mastered his own anxiety about the Cygnet, feeling sure that her late exploit, that she would ride out the gale, and his sympathies went to his poor neighbor in his sighs and desolation. He bore him up kindly to his home. Mrs. Wayne, hearing the sound of footsteps, joyfully believed that her son had returned with his father. She opened the door, and the appearance which her husband presented sent her back reeling to her chair. The white faces of the two men told a tale which she had been dreading to hear.

Mr. Washburn left the pair together, conscious that there was no comfort to be given, and then went back to the beach. As the clock struck twelve the wind subsided, and with it the dense black clouds parted. Through a rift a single star shone out like a diamond upon the black robe of the night, and as the wearied man threw himself down on the rocks beside the powerless watchers there, he saw another and another, until the deep, clear vault showed itself all studded with the "poetry of Heaven."

A soft, warm south wind had succeeded the storm, but the ocean lay, with its great heart palpitating in strong, deep throbs, and the stars were looking down on fragments of the wrecks that were already thrown on shore.

On the opposite point large fires were burning, and showed, even at that distance, figures moving about, but dimmed by the distance to mere specks. There was doubtless then another wreck there, and the watchers on the opposite point began to think of walking round the narrow strip of land that separated them. A solitary horseman was heard galloping round, and the remaining few felt assured that he would soon be back with the news, whatever it might be; so they walked into the town. Mr. Washburn was fascinated to the spot. As long as that black mast stood there before him, he must stay, and not lose sight of it. A man crossed the beach and called him. He answered, and the man ran up to where he sat.

"Mr. Washburn," said the man, "is that you, sir?"

"It is, Burns," replied Mr. Washburn; "and yonder is the Cygnet—and in here is my poor, motherless boy! Burns, there is a stout wherry turned up on the beach a hundred feet from here—I will give fifty pounds to the man who will row me over to that ship."

"I will do it, Mr. Washburn," said Burns—"not more for the sake of the money than for the sake of the boy. Willie was always kind to every one, and I will engage to take you safely over. The waves are still boiling, but we can do it."

The boat shot out from the beach and was soon riding on the billows, with the strong spray dashing over her, yet swaying to the fall of the waves, as if conscious that she carried a father's love. The strong arm of Burns was severely taxed, but they soon came within hailing distance.

Burns lifted the trumpet, which he invariably took with him whenever a storm seemed to indicate any use for it, and hailed the battered ship. "Ship ahoy!" he shouted, with a strong and powerful voice. "What ship, ahoy?"

"The Cygnet—Crawford master," was the reply.

"Are all on board?"

"All on board, but one?"

Washburn started. Was that one Willie? He shrank trembling to the bottom of the boat, awaiting the answer to his name, for which Burns had called. At length it came—"Stephen Morrison!"

"Thank Heaven!" was all that Mr. Washburn could utter. In a moment his joy struck him as selfish. Somebody would mourn for that poor lost sailor.

They neared the ship, and with difficulty got to her side. A crowd of eager forms were seen standing on her deck, looking down upon the little, venturesome boat, and eager to exchange words with the men who were in her. A slight boy appeared among them, and as the father was raised slowly into the ship, Willie's arms were round him! Even the rough sailors wiped their eyes with the sleeves of their water-soaked jackets; and old Tom Saunders, who drunk rather freely after the storm from a bottle which he had stowed away behind his berth, blubbered out his satisfaction, in tones that sounded like a nor'-wester.

Burns hung on to the side of the vessel for some time, his stout arms sore and tired. At length by a strong effort he sprang on board, and as he pitched into the midst of the weather-beaten crew, he looked steadily at one man, who, with head and face tied up, and his arm in a sling, was sitting near.

"I ought to know that man," said Burns, approaching him. "Isn't it Paul Wayne?"

"Paul Wayne, sure enough, Burns, what is left of him," he replied. "I have got a small battering—not much to speak of; but when I went down in the schooner—poor old Angenora!—I struck the side with my head, and somehow, my arm got broken, and—"

He was running on, quite out of Paul's usual calm and quiet way of talking, when one of the sailors, more considering than the rest, suggested that the poor fellow was delirious, and advised his being sent to a berth, to sleep off the effects of his wounds. "By no means!" said Mr. Washburn. "He must not be permitted to sleep for several hours."

The morning was now dawning, and hundreds were coming off from the shore to the ship. As Mr. Washburn was the owner, he could take Willie back with him, and feeling assured that young Willie needed medical aid, he had him wrapped up in the only dry blanket that could be found, and placed in the bottom of the boat. Another man took the oars from Burns, and they soon touched the shore.

At Mr. Washburn's house all was bustle and confusion. The wreck at the point had thrown on shore several persons, only a few of whom had been restored to life. Among the latter was a beautiful child, whose rich clothing and jewels were conspicuous, that the doctor who had been called to the spot deemed it best to take her in his carriage to town, and confide her to the care of Mr. Washburn's housekeeper, whose skill and kindness had been proverbial. The child had been restored with difficulty; had it not been for the persevering skill of Dr. Page, she would have been laid aside with the other dead bodies.

She was a slender, delicate girl, with blue eyes and long golden hair, now soiled and dragged with sand and sea-weed, and her skin, except where the rocks had cut her face and arms, was exquisitely fair and white. She lay on a sofa in the housekeeper's room when Mr. Washburn returned home with Willie and Paul Wayne.

The doctor was still there, and it was thought best to dress Paul's wounds and set the limb before his father and mother should know of his being there. The carriage which brought him to Mr. Washburn's house was now dispatched for his parents, and when they arrived the housekeeper's room seemed like a hospital. Willie looked pale and wan after his restless night, and occupied a great chair, while a large lounge was drawn in from the parlor for Paul, for Mr. Washburn had decided to keep him at his house until he had entirely recovered, promising to bear the expense of his sickness, and also to provide for him a good vessel when he should be able to go again to sea.

They found that the little girl was a West Indian who had been sent over with her nurse to visit some friends, her father and mother being dead. Mr. Washburn communicated with her friends, and they agreed to let him adopt her as his daughter, although not quite willing that he should do so when they learned that she was a wealthy heiress. Mr. Washburn gave Paul a year's schooling to fit him for the station as mate, and afterwards captain, of a fine vessel which he was having built. The last voyage Paul made was finished just in time to see Willie married to Alice Robinson, his father's adopted daughter.

Nothing is so beautiful as the devotion Paul bears to his parents. He has placed them in a comfortable home in sight of the ocean. Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room is filled with marine treasures, shells, coral, and sea mosses, wrought in beautiful pictures by her son's hands, and these, curiosities brought from foreign countries, form a perpetual amusement for all. Michael Wayne can distinguish his son's vessel before any one else knows a vessel is in sight, for in the upper room Paul has fitted a splendid telescope on a frame, and hither, when they are expecting him, Michael takes his book and Hannah her knitting, and alternately they peep through the tell-tale tube until one or the other exclaims, "He is coming!"

—Every family has its trouble. In Danbury, Sunday, it was sad.—Danbury News.

A young lady inquired of Beverly Hitchcock for Dolly Varden calico. He informed her that there wasn't a yard of that article in the establishment. She said she "only wanted half a yard."—Oriskany Falls News.

The new style of wall decoration has raised havoc with the fresco painters. An ordinary hired girl, a kettle of paste and a few rolls of paper with dado and frieze, and the fresco-wife is her own artist, if half the figures are wrong side up.—New Haven Register.

Two Narrow Escapes.

One evening last winter the children called upon their uncle Ned, who is a sailor, and just home from India, for a story. He willingly granted their request, and at once proceeded to tell them of a narrow escape he once made, as follows:

At the time of the occurrence I was staying at a small village called Yelah, in India, with a young friend in the civil service, who had a bungalow there. We used to amuse ourselves picking up shells on the beach in the cool of the evening, and later, sitting out enjoying the breeze and smoking our cheroots. One evening, however, our conversation was interrupted by a herd of buffaloes rushing past us at full speed, which we imputed to their being chased by a tiger. On the following morning our surmise proved correct, and we learned that a tiger carried off a buffalo within two or three hundred yards of where we were sitting on the previous evening. My friend, who was a keen sportsman, resolved to track the tiger; and I accompanied him, with a number of natives, who took care to keep at a safe distance in the rear. Following the broad track through the jungle, we soon arrived at the spot to which the tiger had dragged his prey, and here we found the mangled remains of the buffalo, but the tiger had betaken himself elsewhere to enjoy his siesta after gorging himself. We proceeded on cautiously; but as the jungle got very thick and tangled, my friend decided it would be imprudent to proceed any further, and we halted. We brought the butts of our rifles to the ground, and being of a botanical turn, I stopped to pick up a flower. At that moment a tremendous roar echoed through the forest, and seemed to stun me. I staggered a little, as if from a blow; but recovering myself, grasped my rifle, for I immediately guessed it was the tiger. My friend, with an exclamation, "What an escape," dashed away to the right, and I was about to follow, I knew not whether, when he made his appearance, to my satisfaction.

"His first exclamation was, 'The brute has got away. Just like my luck,' and then he added, 'What a lucky escape you had!'"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Why, don't you know that, as you stopped down to pick the flower, that tiger sprang at you, and missed you by a few inches?"

"I confess a cold sweat broke over me, and I inwardly thanked the Almighty for my providential escape."

"As my story is rather a short one, I will tell you another of a lucky escape I witnessed; though first I should mention that soon after this affair my friend paid with his life for the temerity with which he tracked tigers in the jungle."

"The brig to which I belonged was proceeding from Rangoon, and one evening, after having come to anchor abreast of a small inlet just above Elephant Creek, at the mouth of the Irrawaddy, I accompanied the skipper and a friend in a boat up the inlet to a small village to procure a supply of fruit. On our return my companions expressed their determination to bathe; but as I did not feel inclined to do so, I seated myself in the stern, and taking out of my pocket one of Scott's novels, amused myself with reading until they should have completed their bath."

"About five minutes had elapsed and the skipper was alone in the water, when my attention was arrested by shouts and screams from the villagers, who were hurrying down to the water's edge. Turning around I saw my captain, for whom I had no great affection, exerting every muscle to gain the bank, from which he was still at a considerable distance. Not seeing anything to account for the hubbub, my first impression was that a child had fallen into the water, and he was swimming to the spot of the accident to save it. In an instant I directed the Lascars to 'give way' with the oars, and seized the helm, steered as nearly as I could guess in the direction to which the gestures of the Burmese appeared to point. Before I reached the point the skipper disappeared beneath the water; but, full of the preconceived impression, I imagined that he was diving in search of the child. A few strokes and we were at the spot, but it was not until the Lascar crew lashed their oars violently into the water that the truth flashed upon me. It must be an alligator, that was pursuing him; and soon all doubt was removed, when the master, a few moments later, rose at a short distance from us in a spot where he could feel the bottom, and ran quickly ashore, his shoulder bleeding profusely. The whole transaction occupied a very short time, and the wounded master was conveyed on board the brig with all dispatch."

"On inquiry, I learned that the alligator had been seen first by the Burmese, who gave instant notice of his

approach, as before described, and the warning was as quickly comprehended by the captain. All his exertions to escape were, however, unavailing, and he felt himself seized a little below the shoulder. By a convulsive effort he succeeded in shaking off his cruel antagonist, and again struck out. The animal, however, again advanced, and seizing him nearly by the same place, dragged him under the surface for an instant or two, when the splashing of the oars compelled him to relax his hold. On examination it proved that the arm, although severely lacerated, was not so much injured as to incur the necessity of amputation; and being placed under medical care at Rangoon, the skipper was soon enabled to resume his duties."

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The oldest inhabitant scratches his head in vain, for he cannot recall to his memory the exact date of the first time we have sweated our skin during the past week. This is unusual at this season. It looks as if the months had been running in a circle and August has dropped in the place left vacant by May. The heat has caused much discomfort, and the teachers and others have had a pretty tough time since the unprecedented rise in the barometer. Linen collars change places very often, but each succumbs to the heat in a very short time.

Everybody has been wishing for rain, but it has not come, so their wishes remain unfulfilled.

One of the High Class students attended the Polo games, on Saturday, and came back covered with dust, but was nevertheless very enthusiastic in his description of the sport.

A very enjoyable excursion up the river was likewise enjoyed by several other members of the class. They visited many places of interest en route, and returned in high spirits and without any mishap. Their safe return reflected much credit on those who managed the Evangeline during the trip, as the water was unusually rough, and to keep a boat right side up required skill and practice.

The Bicycle clubs in the village are out for practice every day, and the possession of one of these vehicles is the ambition of the boys, but there is not much hope of their getting one.

Dr. DeMotte, Principal of the Wisconsin Institution, visited us on Sunday, and remained till the next day. He assisted Dr. Peet in the chapel exercises in the afternoon. On the following day he visited the class rooms.

On Monday, the Principals of the Nebraska and Kansas Institutions, called.

Dr. Peet, our Principal, has left for Northampton, Mass., to attend the Convention of Principals there. He is, we are informed, Chairman of the Convention.

Mr. Lloyd lectured on Geography, on Monday afternoon, and succeeded in investing his subject with sufficient interest to hold the attention of his audience.

Prof. Jenkins lectured on Government on the following Tuesday afternoon. It was well attended in spite of the great heat, and was frequently applauded.

The same day we had a distinguished visitor in the person of A. H. Dundon, Vice-President of Normal College and Professor of Latin and English Literature. His son is a semi-mute member of the High Class.

The old powder house at the foot of the Palisades on the opposite side of the river, is visited every evening towards sunset by the students, and they refresh themselves by a climb up the steep heights surrounding it. This is tough work, but the view to be had after the summit is gained amply repays for the toil of the ascent.

Outdoor sports are given up during the greater part of the day, owing to the heat. Early in the morning and at eve, signs of life appear on the playgrounds; during the rest of the day they are almost deserted.

Decoration Day being a holiday, many of the pupils will spend it away from school.

The near approach of vacation, which will begin on June 23d, has given rise to lively anticipations, which become somewhat cooled though by thoughts of their terrible ordeal—Examination Day.

Prof. Clarke's lecture on Physics, on Wednesday, and Prof. Currier's lecture on Natural History, on the day following, were very interesting. The new system will evidently prove a success.

The subject of the supposed Pantomime which was to be given in the chapel by some persons residing outside of the Institution, has dropped out of notice. Evidently the projectors of the movement have not the energy to push it forward.

Sitting in the large dining room, one has a magnificent view through the open doors, of the Palisades on the opposite side of the river. They are covered with bright, green foliage, which lends a very pleasing contrast to the broad expanse of water at their foot. The view from the front balcony is very fine, and visitors unite in expressions of praise at the beauty of the scenery.

GOOSE QUILL.

FANWOOD, May 29, 1880.

—A man down in Eastern Virginia ate twenty-five molasses cakes and died. We suppose the cakes, as usual, were made out of asbestos roofing. There is nothing remarkable in the item as published, however, but if he had eaten twenty-five molasses cakes and lived, it would have been very remarkable.—Middletown Transcript.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The National Convention.

Now that the Convention business has been taken in hand by a gentleman in whom all our readers who have no prejudiced opinions place the utmost confidence, we are rather taken aback at finding that some of Cincinnati's deaf-mutes have taken it upon themselves to run the Convention to their own liking. In a letter which we publish—not because we agree with the sentiments therein contained, but because we wish to let our readers know the exact state of affairs—Mr. Vance takes it upon himself to boss the preliminary arrangements. This letter was first posted, and before it had reached us, a telegram was received from its author conveying the intelligence that a letter was on its way, and requested us not to publish it until we again heard from him. On Friday last, we received another letter from the same gentleman, asking that a part of his letter be omitted and some of it published. Now, if we wished to act in concert with a self-constituted board of officers, who, without asking permission from any one, announce themselves as the committee that will take charge of the affair and run it according to their own ideas of what a convention should be, we would comply with the request, but wishing to be fair in all things we give it in full.

The tone of the letter would lead one to suppose that the object of the Convention was to have fun to the exclusion of everything else. Although all who expect to attend will look for some amusement, still, in our opinion, the main object is not to get up a grand strawberry festival, a soda-water carouse or a lager-beer picnic.

The Convention to be attended by intelligent deaf-mutes—which is the only way to make it a success—must show up a programme that will contain more than hotel rates and an excursion announcement. We think that as no one has objected to Mr. McGregor and his chosen local committee that he should be recognized as the Chairman, and that all instruction with any official meaning should come from him alone.

If Mr. Vance and his colleagues wish to make the Convention a successful one, they can do so by co-operating with Mr. McGregor.

As things are at present, it looks like a rival show, in which the Vance-Davis-Mettenberger faction, (who, we understand, have had nothing to say about it until all the necessary arrangements to bring it about had been completed) are shouting out the superfluous information that they "have no connection with the firm across the way," and the rather doubtful intelligence that the only real Convention is the one they are handling. Now, if these gentlemen had come out before Mr. McGregor was chosen, their project would not appear in the unfavorable light in which it now stands, but, after Mr. McGregor, as Chairman of the Local Committee, had declared his willingness and ability to carry out the plans which the National Committee might submit, it looks more like a financial speculation on the part of this new clique than an interest in and a desire to enlarge the benefits to be derived from a National Convention of deaf-mutes.

We do not agree with Mr. Emery's plan of waiting a day after the meeting convenes to make up a programme. To insure a national assemblage, the order of business and a synopsis of what will be done should be published beforehand, so that parties living at a distance from Cincinnati will have confidence in the benefits that

will accrue from attending the meeting. And this programme, to be recognized, should be prepared and endorsed by a committee of gentlemen of known integrity and influence, residing in the Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western and Middle States.

The Sixty-First Annual Report of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has just been printed. The Report is a very clear and interesting summary of the various workings in the Educational and Administrative Departments. In the Educational Department, new methods have been successfully added to the systematic formulas hitherto pursued, and their success has been made apparent by the rapid progress displayed by the pupils. The Industrial Department makes a good showing and employment of the pupils hitherto formed that the trades are not only a beneficial but a necessary adjunct to the Educational system adopted in making the deaf and dumb capable and respectable members of society.

The Report contains a detailed account of the opening of the Branch (Primary Department) Institution at Tarrytown, which embraces in full the speech made by Hon. Erastus Brooks on the occasion. The printing of the Report was done by the pupils without any outside assistance, and it is sufficient to say that the excellence of its contents is not marred by any typographical mediocrity.

NOTICES.

The next reunion of the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Society will be held at Madison, Wis., June 23d. By permission of Governor Smith, the society will meet in the Legislative Chamber.

J. J. Murphy, B.A., a teacher at the Green Bay School for deaf-mutes, will deliver an oration, and other addresses will be delivered.

Revs. T. H. Gallaudet and A. W. Mann, as well as L. H. Jenkins and the teachers of the Wisconsin Inst., are expected to be present.

Rev. Samuel Rowe will officiate for the Boston Society, June 11th, John O. David, June 13th; and Gorham D. Abbott, of Lake Village, N. H., will address them June 20th, and Geo. A. Holmes, June 27th. All mutes and their friends in Boston and vicinity, are cordially invited to attend any or all of the above services, at Chandler Hall, 18 Essex St., which take place at 1 1/2 A.M., followed by a Bible-Class at noon, and a Prayer and Conference meeting in the afternoon at half past two o'clock.

Services for deaf-mutes are held every Sunday at 2:45 P.M., in St. Ann's Church, New York; on the second Sunday of each month, at 3 P.M. in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn; on the third Sunday at 4 P.M. in St. Andrews Church, Harlem; and the fourth Sunday at 3 P.M. in Christ Church, Williamsburg. The deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity are requested to keep these services in mind, and attend them as often as possible.

Deaf-mutes are invited to attend the Communion Service at 12, and evening service at 7:30, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes street, near Ferdinand.—Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will interpret. He will also conduct a service for deaf-mutes in St. Matthew's Church, South Boston, on Broadway, at 3:30 P.M., at which it is expected that Baptism will be administered.

If any arrangements should be made to the effect, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be happy to address his deaf-mute friends, of Chicago, on an important topic, on Saturday evening, June 26th, at any place they may desire. A central place, like Farewell Hall, would be the best for all concerned.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann will attend the Re-union of the Wisconsin alumni.

Mr. Isaac N. Soper, the President of the Lowell Society of Deaf-Mutes, is a pattern-maker in the Lowell Machine Company. He is a steady young man of intelligence and social manners.

William Rudolph secured a situation as a wood-carver, in Melrose, Mass., where Geo. A. Newhall belongs, and is employed in the same shop. Geo. B. Keniston having recently left the same shop, returned to his former employer in Boston.

A visitor, while in Boston, had the pleasure of hearing Bro. Packard, on Sunday, the 16th, at Chandler Hall. The discourse was "Forgiving one another," and several practical hints were also ably illustrated.

From reliable authority, several prominent deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, contemplate going to New York City next July, in preparation of joining the 4th Annual Excursion, of the Manhattan Literary Association.

Mr. F. C. Davis and wife returned to Boston on the night of the 16th, from a wedding tour to New York, Washington and other places. They have gone to housekeeping in Boston. May peace and fortune accompany them.

Geo. E. Plumer was in Boston on Sunday, the 15th. It is understood that he is going to settle somewhere near Boston. He is a traveling correspondent of some Maine papers. Report says he is engaged to a young lady residing in Conn.

Mr. Austin F. Fish is working on Mr. B. Lovell's new dwelling house in Drewville, N. H.

Frank Cately, of Cincinnati, was presented by his wife with a bouncing boy baby last week.

A woman named Mary Wagstaff, was killed on the Erie Railroad, near Lakeview, Saturday, May 23d. She was walking on the track, and being deaf did not hear the approaching train. She lived at Lakeview.

The "Audinet" for the deaf and dumb, just patented, manufactured by Caswell, Hazard & Co. the most valuable aid known to science. Transmits sounds from any direction. Tested and sold at 816 Broadway, New York City.

Josiah Quincy, who is selling photos, toilet soap, etc., has been at Saratoga Springs. He met Miss Mary Putnam, a graduate of the New York School. He is now in Poultney, Vt., but expects to go to Rhode Island before long.

Mr. Thos. B. Harris, of New Orleans, La., says that he and his wife were glad to meet Rev. Job Turner last April, and only regretted that he could not stay longer than he did. He says Mr. Turner has his best wishes for prosperity.

Mr. George E. Bromson has removed to Morgantown, sixteen miles west of Franklin, Pa. He lives in a beautiful home comprising three acres, and has also purchased ninety-seven acres about three quarters of a mile south of Morgantown. The original cost of the whole was \$6,000.

Miss Belle Porter has left Boston for the summer, and we miss her familiar face very much. She was educated at the Northampton School. Her home is in Wrentham, Mass., some twenty miles from Boston. May we hear from her pen in the columns of the JOURNAL.

Chas. A. Douglas, of Melrose, Mass., is the happy possessor of a Parker gun valued at \$55. His occupation is that of an India-Rubber boot maker, and he claims to be able to turn out twenty-five pairs a day. The works are located in Malden, and are of extensive dimensions.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., in Bridgeport, Ct., employ over 1200 hands, of whom several are deaf-mutes viz.—Robert D. Boers, John W. Ford and Henry Tallmadge. Mrs. Boers is in much improved health. She and Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., belong to the same family.

A Massachusetts boy says that the Boston Society of Deaf-Mutes is in every way gaining in popularity and strength. Much credit is due the untiring efforts of Bros. Tillinghast, Lynde and Holmes. The Boston Mutes seem much interested in their spiritual welfare. May the rich blessings of Heaven descend upon them.

Principal Atwood, of the Beverly School, on his return from the Conference at Northampton, stopped in Springfield over Sunday May 30th, and conducted a service for the deaf-mutes. They dared the rainstorm and greeted him with a good attendance. We will promise to give Mr. Atwood a heartier welcome when he can come again.

Harry W. Nevers, of Bridgeport, Ct., who attended the Northampton School, was lately wedded to Miss Clara Flagg, of Hartford. Clara's father is the foreman of the shoe-making department of the American Asylum. They shall make their home in Bridgeport. Harry is the filer in the machine department of the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.

Richard Martin, of Bridgeport, Conn., made his appearance in South Weymouth, Mass., on the 12th inst. Unfortunately Ira H. Derby was gone to Lowell, Mass. Mr. Derby's parents entertained Mr. Martin during his stay. He returned home rather disappointed, and Mr. Derby hopes that he will come again. Said Martin is employed in the Howe Sewing Machine Co.

Em College boys say "Hieronymus" will better attend to the business of establishing a day school in Philadelphia, instead of dawdling away his time with the girls of the institution; who, it is plain enough, have made him do their "sweet will" in writing some portions of that letter. The Philadelphia girls need not worry themselves about Harry. He can take care of himself, and will come out all right.

Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., is the proprietor of the "History of First School for Deaf-Mutes," and is prepared to fill all orders, both wholesale and retail. Deaf-mutes, Attention! You can improve your leisure hours to obtain subscribers among your speaking friends. "A cent saved is earned." The pupils in the institution can make money by obtaining subscribers, and also they should try to canvass during vacation. "Please try and you will be thanked." Liberal terms, and books sent postage paid to any address.

Last Friday evening, the 21st ult., Miss E. M. Peters, the speaking dressmaker at the Philadelphia Institution, invited her deaf-mute sewing assistants to partake of some ice cream and cakes in the school-room of Miss Cropper, the articulation teacher. The sewing assistants were Misses Biery, Early, Barnard, Hart, O'Brien, Walters, Miller, Stevenson, Mrs. Lafferty and Mrs. Peberdy. I believe they all enjoyed themselves. Miss Peters has a deaf-mute brother. She has worked in Philadelphia as a good dressmaker for about eight years.

If the New England Gallaudet Association Convention is held at all, let it be held in Boston, which has more advantages than any other two cities put together. A better place cannot be found, as far as attractions are concerned. Of all towns, it is the nearest, and most accessible from Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where the bulk of the deaf-mutes are. In point of attractions it has no equal. The Nantucket Beach, Donner's Landing, Revere Beach and other sea-side resorts are within easy reach of both the rich and the poor. The easy transit from New York to Boston, is another advantage in its favor. No other city will draw so large a crowd as Boston will. Anywhere else, there will be but a limited attendance, for what is there so much worth seeing, and so easy of reach as Boston?

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of East Boston, have had the misfortune, as seen in the record of deaths, to lose their two daughters, very little children, by diphtheria, on the same day. The sympathy felt for them is intense. They have one little boy left of all their children. The youngest was the first to die, and the last words the second child uttered when dying were very touching. She said with her last breath, "Jane going to see Mabel."

"O, the dainty dimpled feet! Cherish feet, with glory shed, on the street Paved with pearl, and amethyst, Where they ramble as they list Up and down the radiant highways Through the music-haunted byways, By the thronging angels trod, In the city called the Beautiful, the Paradise of God."

O blessed trust! whatever else betide Gates of gold are ever opened wide When infant feet press up the other side."

Mr. J. C. Hummer is adding a new set of encyclopaedia to his library.

Mr. Stone, a banker, of Iowa City, called with his wife on Mr. Hummer, of Sharon Centre, a few days ago.

C. S. Doane wishes very much to hear from Nye Brown and would like to know what he is doing in Syracuse now.

T. H. Schneider, who left the 44th St. Inst. last June, has a good place in the large Lithographing Establishment down town.

A correspondent writes:—"Twin girls were born to a deaf-mute couple in Iowa lately. They must have two cradles, of course."

Mr. J. T. Tillinghast held three services at Manchester, N. H., on May 30th. There was a good attendance although it rained nearly all day and evening.

Nye Brown, of Syracuse, and C. B. Shattuck, of Cohocton, both former pupils of the New York School, expect to witness the Closing Exercises, on June 23d.

The daughter of Dr. W. G. Jones, of the New York Institute, was christened, on Sunday last, at the Church of the Intercession, by the Rev. E. W. Donald.

Say, Frank, why not let "Bassie" edit the *Advance* and yourself stick the type. We are sure your readers (if you have any) would commend the change.

Albert Ballin, the deaf-mute artist, is so very funny, so very funny, indeed, that the "M. L. A." cannot tell him to "go to grass." Why? Because they are afraid he will play too many jokes upon them.

One of your correspondents, happening to be in Boston, had the pleasure of seeing Harry White, of the National Deaf-Mute College. Harry will, it is hoped, enrich the columns of the popular JOURNAL from his pen, during his residence in Boston.

M. L. Hodgman, of Thordmike Station, Me., writes: "Mr. William Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., officiated for the deaf-mutes in Belfast, Me., on the 23d of May. He came to our house and stopped two nights, on his way to Lewistown, Me. We had a pleasant and agreeable visit from him. I found him pleasant to converse with, giving me information on the Scriptures, and about the deaf-mutes."

Rev. Dr. Miller, Pastor of St. Mark's P. E. Church, Frankford, Pa., his wife and two daughters, in company with a few intimate friends, lately started on a trip to Europe. Dr. Miller is, we understand, an intimate friend of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and the church of which he is a pastor, is composed of one of the largest Episcopal Congregations in this country. We certainly wish the party a pleasant journey and safe return.

Mrs. Rosap is a deaf-mute lady, of Philadelphia, and a sister of Mr. Parry, who is connected with the world-renowned Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia. Some time ago, while out riding with her mother, who is 85 years old, the horse became frightened, and there might have been a serious accident had it not been for the boldness and presence of mind of Mrs. Rosap. Fortunately, no damage was done.

Mr. James W. McAlexander, of Slayden Crossing, was recently in Collierville, Tenn., and while there met and had a pleasant conversation with Miss Alice Harper, a mute lady of that place. Misses Alice and Annie Harper intend making a visit at Mr. McAlexander's during the coming summer. Mr. McAlexander has secured a position as mail agent, and will begin work in his new capacity before long.

A deaf-mute impostor has turned up at Boulder, Col., supplied with cards, which read as follows: "I am both deaf and dumb. I have a widowed mother and two sisters. I cannot speak nor hear. Will you please give me something. George H. Holbrook." The man is good-looking, slim, of medium height, appears to be about 25 or 35 years old. If any one knows him, please communicate with the JOURNAL or with Mr. R. D. Livingstone, Denver, Col.

CRAYON PORTRAITS.—We saw yesterday at the store of Mr. E. Heath, 99 Camp street, a beautiful crayon portrait of Miss Itman, daughter of Mr. George Itman, of the Jewel of the South. The likeness was enlarged from a photograph by Mr. John H. Clarke. The picture is executed in very good style and reflects great credit on the artist, Mr. T. B. Harris, 93 Prytania street, who is prepared to execute crayons in a superior style and on the most reasonable terms.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Mr. William F. Esselstine, who recently left New York, arrived in Osage, Ia., after a journey of over five days. He saw his cousin, Lena Combs, who is a pupil of the Columbus Institution. He says there are two deaf-mutes—Galvin and Annette Zoover, aged respectively 16 and 12 years, who live two miles south-west of Osage. Mr. Esselstine tried to persuade their parents to send them to the Iowa Institution, but they refused, and said they were willing to let them grow up in ignorance.

Last Saturday, May 29th, the Evangeline Boat Club, of the New York Institution, extended an invitation to several of the young lady pupils and Dr. Porter, to a boat ride to Fort Lee across the river on the Jersey side. The water was in splendid condition and all had a most enjoyable time. Dr. Porter acted as coxswain, and proved himself a first-rate one. Upon arriving at Fort Lee, the Doctor treated all to ice cream, after which they rowed up the river and at a late hour steered for home. Among those present were Miss Gates, the supervisor, Misses Felver, Shute, DeCoster, Williams, Lewis and Kennedy, and Dr. Porter, Messrs. Dobbs, Palmer, Doane, Sloat, and Willie Porter, the son of the Superintendent.

Considerable excitement occurred last Saturday opposite Mrs. Harley's confectionery store. It appears one of the mute boys, named Terence Duffy, was assisting in the above store, when W. F. Howell, a mute Supervisor of the Institute, came in and told the boy to leave, at the same time seizing him by the throat. Mrs. Harley attempted to explain matters, when he (Howell) struck her violently across the face and made abusive and insulting signs to her, after which he walked out with the boy Duffy. Mrs. Harley has threatened to report Howell's conduct to the authorities of the Institute, who certainly ought to take action on it at once.—*Hartford Local Reporter*. The above item is almost entirely wrong. No violence was used, and the only approach to it was a threat by Mrs. Harley to kick the officer out of her store.

DIED.

May 1st, Mabel E. Evans, aged 2 years 7 months, and Eva M. Evans, aged 6 years 4 months 20 days, daughters of Thomas and Etta Evans, of East Boston, Mass.

FRATRICIDE

Arson & Suicide.

A Deaf-Mute Jealous of his Brother's Control of the Family Estate, Burns the Mansion, Kills his Brother and commits Suicide.

St. John, N. B., May 30, 1880.—This city was excited last night by a horrible tragedy at Newlands, two miles distant, in the country seat of the Drury family, news of which arrived at a late hour. At Newlands there lived three sons of the late Colonel Drury, who died in 1836.

Another son, Colonel Charles Drury, died this year. Of the three sons John was a deaf-mute and Edward was also deaf for several years. Ward Chipman, the youngest son, who alone was married, is Registrar of Deeds for this county. His family is among the most respected and highly connected in the province. They are wealthy, and their residence is a beautiful one. Since the death of Colonel Charles, who was the eldest brother and unmarried, John, the deaf-mute, who is seventy-two years old, and was next to Charles, aspired to be the head of the family and to control the property. He was much annoyed that Ward, the youngest son, had been left in control by Charles' will. He has acted strangely for some time past, but there was nothing to show that he contemplated murder. On Saturday, at eight P. M., John was in the sitting-room with Ward and two of the latter's children. Mrs. Ward was upstairs putting her other children to bed. John got up, went out to another room, lighted his pipe, took some matches and proceeded to one of the barns, which he set on fire. He then returned to the sitting room, where Ward was dozing in his arm chair, and fired a thirty-two calibre revolver at him, striking him in the side. He then rushed up stairs to his own room, where he set fire to the curtains and bedding. His brother Edward seeing the flames, attempted to enter and extinguish them. A struggle ensued and John shot him behind the ear. He walked to the foot of the stairs and dropped dead. John then shot himself in the temple and died instantly. Ward's wound was not mortal, the bullet having struck the rib and glanced, passing round and lodging in the back. He will recover. The flames destroyed the house and numerous barns and a little after midnight the whole place was in ashes. Thousands from the city visited the scene of the tragedy and aided in saving the property. The two old men—the murdered brother being sixty-seven years old—were laid together on the grass beneath the glare of the flames of their burning home. It was truly a tragic sight. There is great excitement in St. John to-day. The bodies are in the police station. An inquest will be held to-morrow. A sister of the deceased is Mrs. Allen, wife of the Chief Justice of this province.

The Northampton Conference.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

NORTHAMPTON, May 26.—An important gathering of specialists, though by no means a large one, is the conference of deaf-mute instructors which met at the Clarke Institution, in Northampton, yesterday, for a session of several days, and has brought together the principals of schools for the deaf in all parts of the United States and Canada. Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina, West Virginia, and Nebraska, are represented in this conference, as well as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Michigan. This is the fourth meeting of the kind, the first conference having met at Washington in 1868, upon the invitation of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of the National Deaf-Mute College of that city. A second meeting took place at Flint, Mich., in 1872, and the third was to have taken place at Northampton in 1876, but for special reasons was called at Philadelphia. This year, the corporation of the Clarke Institution authorized Miss Rogers to invite the conference to Northampton, and the sessions were opened here yesterday, with a speech of welcome by Mr. Sanborn, president of the Clarke Institution, in the chapel of Clarke hall.

The formation of this conference (which meets once in four years for the consideration of methods of teaching in the special schools for deaf children) have something in common with the foundation of the Clarke schools in Northampton, where it is this year assembled. In 1867, when the Clarke Institution was chartered by Massachusetts, in response to recommendation of Gov. Bullock, and upon the request of the late Dr. Howe, Gov. Talbot, Gardiner G. Hubbard and other citizens of our State, Dr. Gallaudet of Washington, was moved by the controversy concerning articulation, to visit Europe and examine for himself the methods of instruction then prevalent in the older countries. Upon his return, in the winter of 1867—8, he published a report of his journey in which he recommended certain changes of the then accepted methods of instruction in the United

States. His suggestions met with some opposition, and he wisely determined to bring them directly before a representative body of instructors assembled to consider the whole scope and form a deaf-mute education. This was done in the spring of 1868, and the result of this and other events of that formative period has been to enlarge greatly the field of this special education in our country. The number of schools for deaf children has more than doubled since 1867; and the pupils now collected in such schools count up to more than 5,000. Of these only 80 are at the Northampton school, but what gives a peculiar interest to this small collection of deaf children, is the fact that the school in which they are taught was one of the first to adopt and one of the most persevering to pursue the methods of teaching by articulation, which before 1867, was almost literally unknown in America. It is this fact which attracts visitors to the school of Miss Rogers, while the success attained there has led many other schools to adopt in a greater or less degree, the system of articulation. Its merits and the actual results of its use, as seen after a succession of years and the graduation of several classes of pupils, will be considered by the conference and debated at much length, as in a certain manner it was discussed yesterday. The friends of deaf-mute education have no occasion to regret the introduction of this system in America, and if it can be combined with the method of signs or any other mode of teaching the deaf, so as to produce a better system than any yet practised, as Sister Mary Ann, of the Catholic school of Buffalo, maintained in her paper, read at Northampton yesterday, so much the better for the poor children who are to profit by it.

NORTHAMPTON, May 27.—At the morning session of the conference of teachers of deaf-mutes at Northampton yesterday, the subject of a collegiate education for the deaf and dumb was discussed. Dr. Gallaudet of Washington, D.C., opened the subject by giving a description of the institution over which he presides, which is the only institution in the country which gives the deaf and dumb the benefit of a collegiate education. He was followed by Dr. Peet, of New York, Dr. MacIntire, Mr. DeMotte, Mr. Dudley and others, most of the speakers favoring the education of those deprived of speech in the higher branches. The paper of Leonidas Poyntz, Principal of the Virginia Institute, at Staunton, Va., on "Paramount importance of primary education," was very suggestive, the debate on it being considerable. In connection with this important subject, Z. F. Westervelt, Principal of the Western New York Institute, of Rochester, N. Y., gave an account of his experience in teaching young children by the finger alphabet. There was no session of the conference in the afternoon, the whole party taking an excursion to Mt. Holyoke. During the day the various departments of the Clarke Institute, school-rooms, workshop, hospital, laundry, etc., were visited by members of the conference, and much general satisfaction was freely expressed. In the evening, a reception was given to the conference in Roger's hall, which was attended by many of the prominent citizens of Northampton and others. It is gratifying to note that every member of the conference who expected to be present, is at the meeting. The members will continue in session until tomorrow afternoon, many important subjects coming up for discussion. The papers to be read this morning will be by Albert F. Woodbridge, of Halifax, N. S., on "The art of drawing—its importance to the deaf-mute," and "A word for a new industry, or special training for the deaf and dumb girls," by Miss Campbell, of North Carolina.

NORTHAMPTON May 28.—The conference at the Clarke Institute of the leading educators of deaf-mutes in the country was continued yesterday with two sessions, much time being devoted to the ordinary business of the meeting. Principal Albert F. Woodbridge's paper on "The Art of Drawing—its importance to the deaf-mute," was well illustrated by a large number of crayon and pencil drawings, and the general discussion upon its many suggestive features was participated in by many of those present. "A Word for a New Industry, of special training for the deaf and dumb girls," by Miss Campbell, of Raleigh, N. C., was in reality a plea for the special teaching of establishing ideas of cookery. The Institution with which this lady is connected has for several years endeavored to give the pupils a thorough knowledge of the art of cooking, so when the young women leave the school they can prepare savory and palatable food, and make further progress for the benefit of the communities where they live. The school at Raleigh will this year erect a building to be specially adapted to this purpose. The conference will adjourn this morning after the reading of one or two important essays, well pleased with the hospitality in which they have been entertained by the teachers and trustees of the Clarke Institution. President Seelye and Dr. Hancock, Dr. Pliny Earle, and many others, have attended the various sessions of the Conference.

—If the West Point investigation keeps on much longer, we shall have to have a committee appointed to find out what it is all about.—*Syracuse Herald*.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes' Convention.

It is intended to hold the next regular Biennial Convention of the N. E. G. A. of Deaf-Mutes the present summer, at such time and place as shall be most convenient after hearing the preferences of the mutes of New England. The very wide diversity of opinion among the officers and others as to the place—some wishing Bangor, Me., others Boston, Nantucket Beach, Worcester, and still others, Norwich and Hartford, Conn.—leads me to submit the question to the majority of the mutes of New England who desire to attend, in order that there may be no complaint as to the locality, which I think should be at some central point in New England, as the mutes of other States are equally interested. For the purpose, as stated above, they are respectfully requested to state their opinions or preferences, either personally or in writing, to the President of the Association or to the Treasurer while remitting their fee of membership. Announcement of the vote will be made from time to time in the columns of the JOURNAL and *Silent People*, and in order to arrive at a speedy conclusion, all who intend to join as members and avail themselves of the advantages to be offered them, had better do so at once. As a matter of the greatest convenience, and in order to avoid the delay which has always attended such gatherings to the serious detriment of the business of the Convention, all are requested to remit their fee—\$1 for gentlemen and 50 cents for ladies—to the Treasurer, P. W. Packard, 131 North St., Salem, Mass. Postage stamps will be taken for the ladies' fees in 3, 2 and 1 cent stamps, but it will be more satisfactory if the gentlemen will enclose a \$1 bill.

It is not intended to deprive the Board of Management of their right to set the time and place as given them by the Constitution, but simply to obtain the preferences of as large a number of mutes as possible, which, it is hoped, those intending to be present will not hesitate to forward as soon as possible, accompanied by any suggestions they may be pleased to make. JOHN T. TILLINGHAST, President.

Jacksonville Items.

Considerable rains this week. Two small boys have broken arms. We are preparing for examination this month.

Daniel Cronin's brother paid us a visit to-day.

The Athletics were photographed this week.

This morning Prof. Sinder gave us a short lecture in chapel.

The Clysia Society received their picture this week.

Two of the pupils have taken the measles, but it is supposed they will soon recover.

George Booker, of the second class, has been ill for several days past, but is now recovering.

Mrs. Dr. Gillett, who went to Cincinnati, Ohio, sometime ago, to see her husband, has since returned.

Eddie Campbell, of the Junior class, went home yesterday on account of ill health.

Alex. Lucky went home (by request of the Supt.) last week. Perhaps he will get a situation in Joliet.

The ladies of the senior class were treated by Prof. John H. Woods to a boat race on Morgan Lake, south east of town, yesterday afternoon. They enjoyed themselves very much.

Mr. John Dorsey's brother, from Leadville, Colorado, visited the Institution last Wednesday. He got employment in this city, but will go back home in about 4 weeks.

Gussie and Freddie Hyman, two promising pupils here, have gone home to Chicago to attend the wedding of Gussie's sister who is to marry a gentleman of that city.

Bascom Spry has collected a number of small boys between 10 and 14 years of age to play base ball. He thinks they will be nice players after they have been practicing for a while. Perhaps they will equal the Ohio and New York nines in a few years.

On May 15th, a game of base ball between the second nine of the deaf-mute Inst., and the first colored nine of this city, was played on the grounds beyond the Athletics! The mutes won the game by 27 to 23. Yesterday another game, between the same club, was played on the College ground. The mutes easily won by 26 to 10.

The Athletics were defeated last Saturday (May 15), by the Combined College and town boys, by 29 to 19. Two of the very best players of the Athletics were absent yesterday. They challenged them again, but the College boys would not play with the Athletics because one of their players was absent. The Athletics played with a deaf-mute picked nine, which was

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

[For the JOURNAL.]

To Mollie E. M.—

Nay, tempt me not to love again;
There was a time when love was sweet,
Dear Mollie had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been so to meet!
But oh! this weary heart had run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee, then lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

It there be elms where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfettered by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where roses cheek and radiant eye
Should bring me more than bliss, their pain,
Or fetter me to earth again.

Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little I know when all is my own,
Now float before me soft and bright
As when they first enamored shone!

How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away!
O, moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too, for love perfumed
The flame which kindled my life consumed;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours!

Say, Mollie, dear! couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fond,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander;
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never
Till all my heart should burn with shame
And be thine own there only one
No, no—on earth there's only one
Whom I could thus fondly follow fast,
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last.

Mollie! The heart which she forsook,
For thee was but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh! thou shalt be all else to me
That heart can feel, or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

W. S. & Co.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 24, 1880.

"COLUMBUS."

ACCIDENT TO A MUTE—BASE BALL,
CRICKET AND OTHER ITEMS.

Mr. Levi Taylor, residing near Plainfield, about twenty-five miles from this city, met with an accident last Friday afternoon which will probably prove fatal. He was riding on the corn-planter and from some cause thrown off and very likely run over. He sustained a broken leg, arm, jaw and other injuries. From 1859-60 he was a pupil here, graduating with Mr. P. P. Pratt, now foreman of the shoe shop.

Since leaving school, he has been engaged in farming, and is spoken of as a quiet and industrious person. The evening previous to the accident, his father, William Taylor, was found under the horse's feet in his stable, in an insensible and injured condition.

So a National Convention of deaf-mutes the coming summer is an assured fact. Great bodies always do move slowly. Now let all put their shoulders to the wheel and keep it rolling, and then what has hitherto seemed an impossibility will become a thing in reality.

At this early date we can't promise to be in Cincinnati and look in on the proceedings. In the meantime, however, we shall take care and say nothing that will tend to act as obstacles on the movement.

Both of the path-ways leading from Town Street to the front steps of the Institution building are now paved with bricks.

The card in the New York Clipper, of May 22d, about the Independents, purporting to have been written by the New York mutes, (we presume the New York mute base ball club) is a pretty thin attempt at playing the wolf in sheep's clothing. We don't believe the New York mute club had any thing to do with the writing of the article, much less saw it, until after it appeared in print.

The real author of the card is the person who, by misrepresentations, succeeded in having himself made manager of the club. Having gained this point, he took the Independents down to Louisville, and it was there and under his control that the club got into the "worst fix ever seen."

It becomes with exceedingly bad grace now for him to harp about the doings of the club, when he, more than any one else, is responsible for its later transactions during the season. The less he has to say about the Independents, the better it will be for his reputation. By the time the New York base ball club becomes fully acquainted with his intentions, they will, we trust, know a little more than they do now, and the lesson may do them some good. In the meantime, we advise them to put little confidence in what he has to say about the Independents.

No one could deny the existence of a Hoosier deaf-mute base ball club until informed of it in the last number of the JOURNAL. One reading of what has been written of them in the JOURNAL would come to the conclusion that the members of the club were all giants, and that all other clubs must get down on their knees and worship them. However, if the Hoosiers are so eager to take a whack at the Independents, why don't they send them a challenge? It might then be demonstrated that if the Hoosiers are so soon done for, wonder what they were begun for.

The Centennials, of this Institution, played a game of base ball last Saturday afternoon with a picked nine from the City High School, and defeated them 15 to 8.

The Independents, as a diversion from their regular sport, played a game of cricket with an organized club of this city, on the afternoon of the 25d inst. The latter has been in existence several months, and is composed of the

society gents of the city, and as might be expected, were well up in the points of the game. As to the Independents, they were "green uns" in the sport, having had little or no practice previously. Yet in their first game, they gave evidence that they would soon become as apt in this game as in base ball. The Sunday News, of this city, speaking of the game, has this to say of it:

The first match game of cricket was played yesterday afternoon on the Hubbard grounds, between an eleven chosen from the Columbus Cricket Club and a club from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The latter are fine ball players, but have only played cricket a part of the season. The features of the match were the fine playing of Hubbard, Seymour and Waters, the latter making some fine drives for three. Also a fine catch by Rhodes at point. Quite a large number of spectators were present, including several carriages filled with ladies.

The score is appended:

FIRST INNINGS—C. C. C.		
Rhodes b. Clement.....	2	runs
Seymour c. and b. Ryan.....	35	"
Hanford r. c. Wooley b. Clement.....	38	"
Waters c. and b. Clement.....	41	"
Hubbard c. Bards b. Ryan.....	41	"
Hanford g. b. Ryan.....	42	"
Hutchinson b. Clement.....	41	"
Collins c. and b. Clement.....	1	"
Everett c. Baldwin b. Ryan.....	0	"
Tyler b. and c. Clement.....	4	"
McCune b. Clement.....	11	"
Extras.....	13	"
Total.....	152	"

FIRST INNINGS—D. & D.		
Clement b. McCune.....	0	runs
Ryan c. Rhodes b. Tyler.....	0	"
Pratt b. Tyler.....	0	"
Minez b. McCune.....	0	"
Ellis b. Tyler.....	0	"
Wooley c. Seymour b. McCune.....	4	"
Bards b. McCune.....	4	"
Stewart c. Hutchinson b. Tyler.....	2	"
Reading c. Seymour b. McCune.....	1	"
Haykins not out.....	1	"
Hahn b. Tyler.....	2	"
Extras.....	10	"
Total.....	21	"

COLUMBUS.

May 28, 1880.

The Entertainment of our First National Convention.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—It is a mistake that Bob McGregor is made Chairman to arrange for the Convention without our knowledge and approval, and he has not friends enough to help entertain the friends and strangers.

John Barrick and others are in constant correspondence with Prof. Emery, of Chicago, and have been for some two months.

Below is the notice of the Cincinnati Enquirer and Commercial, of May 23d:

"At the meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Literary Society, Y. M. C. A. Building, a Committee of seven was appointed to make arrangements to secure a hall, etc., for the use of the Deaf-Mutes' National Convention, which will be held in this city August 25th to 28th. Arrangements with the principal hotels have been made, and arrangements for an excursion, August 28th, to High Bridge, on the Southern Railroad, will be made the coming week. Committee of Arrangements: J. H. Vance, Chairman; John Barrick, J. Luning, C. Binz, F. Reiker, J. M. T. Davis, Fred Mettenberger.

It is a fixed fact our Convention will be held August 25th, in this city, lasting four or five days, and our Committee will have nothing to do with the organization of your first Convention, and humbly depend upon its order for the extension of days, or more, a week. We, the Committee, will spare no pains to entertain it, and know best how to handle the entertainment gracefully.

They are well informed gentlemen. I, appointed as a Chairman, am pushing my all things to perfect arrangements, every day. They will gladly escort you to the engaged hotels on your arrival.

John Barrick, Esq., informed us that he is preparing a map engraving of streets and avenues, and will furnish to your popular JOURNAL, the Letter and Advance gratuitously. We appreciate his generous offer.

The hotel rates have been arranged and greatly reduced, and sent to the Letter two weeks ago, for publication.

Grand Hotel, - - -	\$2.50 per day.
Emery " - - -	" " "
Gibson " - - -	" " "
Indiana " - - -	\$3.75 uncertain.
St. James Hotel, - - -	" " "
Walnut " - - -	\$1.50 "
Crest " - - -	" " "
Galt " - - -	\$1.25 "
Indiana " - - -	" " "
Central " - - -	\$1.00 "
Florentine House, \$5—a commutation ticket a week.	

The Committee will do all in their power to make the reduction on hotels accord to their means and circumstances, and assign such delegations to the different Houses.

The Sub Committee on Railroads will shortly make the reduction like that of the Methodist Conference, and report the same to your paper.

The Greenwood Hall has been engaged at the moderate price for several days, and two days will be devoted to the excursion to the High Bridge, 100 miles from this city, and the complimentary admission to the Zoological garden and Hill tops.

Lunch will be served to the excursionists specially.

The Greenwood Hall is situated on the corner of Vine and 6th Sts., most centrally several squares from the Hotels, instead of the Hill tops, suggested by Mr. McGregor in the last issue of your JOURNAL.

We, the Committee, are ready to send the printed circulars to every one who may wish to have good time.

Now is your time to let all know, send the names to us and we will gladly send their desired information in regard to hotel rates, routes, free of charge.

As the question of expenses is settled satisfactorily, the Committee will, no doubt, make the Convention a financial success and contribute to the homelike comfort of those who may come.

Correspondence may be addressed to Joseph H. Vance, Chairman, Newport, Ky.; or John Barrick, Hopkins Music Hall, Cor. Elm and 4th Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Later.—One of our Local Committee has completed arrangements with Gen'l Ticket Agent Wilson, of the Cincinnati Southern R. R. to run the excursion to High Bridge, Aug. 28th.

J. H. VANCE,
Chairman Committee.

Indiana Notes.

We wish something terrific would happen so we'd have something to write about.

What is "Honeyanyway, Hieronyma, Hieronymus," driving at anyhow? We have read both his (?) lengthy epistles, but we don't see the point. Won't some one lift the veil?

Yes! just so, the time for talky talk is passed and that of action has arrived.

So let us then be up and doing,
With a hand for anything,
Don't stand here idly lounging
For Old Time is on the wing.

Quite possible, aren't we?

And so Lake-side is splendid—
You've seen it—Tickets dirt cheap,
indeed—Why not send us one then?
We should like to try our baits up there, that we would!

Madison House, Crawford House, and Walnut House, are cheap and nice!

Send McGregor a three cent stamp and don't be stingy as the three blind mice!

O, stuff and nonsense! The Collegians can give us their list or a bullet if they would rather. We don't think a bullet in our brains would be of much inconvenience for we have not much of anything in our pate and the extra lead would give us more ballast.

We saw a pretty scene—

'Neath the gaslight dimly burning
Glowing cheek and laughing eye,
When each thought to love was turning—

But O, it is an awful sin to look when one didn't say you might, and we will say no more.

"Hieronymus's" "jokingly yours, or yours in a joke" reminds us of a joke verified, which we heard "once upon a time" and for his special benefit we give it here.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife—"

"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

"White Stream" has been at flood height for quite a while, and everybody "and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" have had a boat ride. Something extraordinary.

Prof. Maxwell, of Purdue University, Lafayette, spent Saturday and Sunday with "Sister Alfa." They are only half brother and sister; but are perfectly devoted to each other.

We cannot saunter down a certain street very late nowadays, but what we meet some victims of the bowl. Nothing is more awful, and—

Underneath the swaying willow
Waving gently 'neath the sky,
Underneath the ocean's billow,
Thousands of its victims lie.

By the Mississippi's waters
Or the broad Ohio's waves,
Mothers, fathers, sons and daughters
Lowly lie in drunkards' graves.

By the falls of old Niagara,
Or where Erie's billows roll,
By the waters of Ontario
Sleep the victims of the bowl.

Europe, Asia, sunny Africa,
Every yet discovered clime,
Feels the curse of this foul traffic—
Fell destroyer of all time.

Charlie Dantzer and Al. Berg, both have the poorest excuse of a hat we ever saw in our life. We suggest that the Indiana boys at Kendall, pass the hat around.

But we must close for this week and not weary you, dear readers. You who call our notes "soft" and us "foolish;" but you will get over that by and by, won't you? And like us, when you learn that we merely aim to entertain and amuse—not to hurt anybody's feelings or cause our bitterest enemy a hard thought.

MIGNON.

"SKY PARLOR," May 26.

Rome Institution News.

We manage to get along tolerably around here, even if the great big world does not hear of us often. The trouble is we have not so many geese and gardens, not to speak of hens, to cackle and hiss to the world through their quills as has old Nova Eborica, peace to her soul. The nineteenth century witnesses many paradoxes, yet it sounds strange to hear the vigilant geese that used to hiss to save Rome, cackle and scream from far away Gotham. One would think our glory had departed us.

Lately a bill passed the Legislature and under the Governor's hand, permitting our Institution to establish a High Class. Sometime since, it seems to us, we heard that the Rochester Institution was sure of the same privilege but we have scanned the calendars in vain for any such bill, and this one of ours concerns our Institute alone. Can't Rochester enlighten us?

One of the little boys, George Smith, fell on the ground the other day while

playing ball, and broke his collar bone. He is doing well though, and will be all right soon. Such accidents show that it is impossible to guard boys altogether from harm by confining them within narrow bounds and keeping them under cast iron rules prohibiting certain games and sports as dangerous. The average boy, particularly deaf, must go through a dozen smash ups, broken heads, drownings and run overs before he can realize that discretion is the better part of valor, and become a staid, respectable member of the community and gives his mother's nerves a rest.

Our Principal has gone to Northampton with his wife to attend the Conference of Principals. There are times when one wishes he were Principal, and this is one of them. Really it was a fine idea to have the Conference during the term time, since that makes it of twice as much benefit to the parties interested as it would be otherwise.

Thomas Nelson, the brother of our Principal, sometime since resigned his position as Supervisor in the Primary Division of the Institution and went to New York to accept a more profitable situation as book keeper in a large Leather concern. One of the younger teachers carries on his work for the rest of the term, so no new officer has been appointed to that post.

About a month ago our big boys passed around the hat and sent for a Rugby football. It came in due time, but the rubber bladder burst at the first blowing. So we wouldn't shell out and sent it back to Peck & Snyder with word that they might send us a good bladder or none, we did not care. They did send us a good one, and our boys have had a lot of fun and good exercise with it. This kind of foot ball consists of a heavy egg-shaped bladder case and a rubber bladder inside to round it out. The bladder is blown and the neck tied and tucked under the case, which is laced over it with a string. Of all sports foot-ball gives the most healthy and strengthening exercise, if brutal play is avoided.

On Tuesday, the 15th of June, the closing exercises of the term will take place in our Chapel. Then our poor pedagogues will sit in their refrigerators and sip lemonade, (I was going to say wine cellars, but dare not murder truth in that way. We have not reached wine cellars yet.) Others will shoulder their rods and guns, tack their pants in their boots and stalk away to recuperate near to Nature's heart.

Hurrah for our National Convention! Seems like a sure thing at last. Our Cincinnati brethren are acting like sensible men. Mr. McGregor is just the man wanted for Chairman of the Local Committee. It needs a known and responsible man like him to give us reliance on the arrangements to be made.

I am only speaking for myself, but can say I have yet to meet any one who has objected to Mr. McGregor or his Committee. The plan seems to meet with approval everywhere. Of course, however, a rush from our section can't be looked for on account of the distance, but there will be enough to fairly represent us. It will depend on what the programme is.

A few days ago, in company with my sister and a friend, I visited the New York State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, the finest institution of the kind in the State, if not in the country. The view approaching it was very fine. The grounds in front are faultlessly laid out and well kept. In the middle of the front of the building is a vast portico supported on immense stone columns fifty or sixty feet in height and ten or twelve thick. We were shown over a part of the Asylum (for we had little time to spare). Everything was as neat as a new pin—not a speck of dust or dirt anywhere. There we had a talk with Mr. Victor Axtel Bergquist. I dare say many of the JOURNAL readers recollect his sad story. We were acquainted with him at home, were old friends in fact, and he recognized us at once. To all appearances he was perfectly sane, and conversed as intelligently as we ever saw him do. He only appeared just a little morose and excited, as he naturally should at seeing some fellow mutes. He is perfectly in his right mind now except that time is needed to settle his mind on the old firm foundation. He cherishes no ill will against the woman who caused it. He knows, in fact, that other persons were more to blame than she. We are strongly tempted to name them and expose them to the disgrace they richly deserve, and we will, too, if they give him further trouble. The Doctors told us that they expect he can go home next month, or in July, perfectly cured. While we were conversing with him another interview was going on between another patient and a friend, in the same room. This man was very crazy it seemed. Had no memory at all. Could not make out anything what his friend said. His friend soon went away. He came over by us and called us to look at the convicts out of the window, saying they were hop-pickers and he was overseeing them. He talked incoherently in this way until an attendant came and took him off. He remembered and said he was overseeing us picking hops. Poor fellow. He seemed to be a deranged farmer.

Looking at the Asylum from a distance, we noticed pretty lattice work on all the windows. Upon nearer inspection, we discovered that it was an iron net work, strong enough to defy any attempt of the patients to break through. More anon.

RUSTICS.

Rome, N. Y., May 25, 1880.

The Fair of the New England Industrial School.

[From our regular Correspondent.]

This new institution in Mass., as many of our readers will remember, was originally named the New England Industrial Home, but in order to meet with the provisions of the State laws, the word school was substituted for Home, while the objects of the organization remained the same—unchanged in all, save the modes of teaching, which came into later consideration. By a law passed several years ago by the State legislature, every, and any school in the State, worthy in its aims and of good standing, is entitled to the support of the State. Now, the objects of the New England Industrial Home were and still are, the teaching of all uneducated deaf and dumb living within the borders of the State, though others of this class living in other States would be entitled to admission upon the payment of their support and instruction by the governments of their respective States; in this respect, its object is the same as that of the American Asylum, situated at Hartford, and reason should be shown by those who are not favorable to the scheme, why Massachusetts and, for that matter, every other State in New England, should not have an institution of its own as well as Connecticut, if there is a sufficient number of the deaf and dumb in need of instruction. All who oppose a school for the deaf and dumb whenever and wherever it is started, if on personal grounds are no friends of the deaf and dumb, and if from the idea that one institution is sufficient for several States, are behind the times. Let it be remembered that when the Mother of Institutions was first built at Hartford, it was universally believed that one would suffice for the whole country, but how many do we now see around us, how many in the State of New York alone? Is the supply of deaf-mute schools greater than the demand? No, for it is a well known fact that no sooner is one started than more pupils come knocking at the door than can be accommodated. Especially is this true in the case of the school of which Prof. Atwood, a veteran in his profession, has the charge. Now as to the other object of the New England Industrial School, it is a notorious fact that many deaf-mutes become but imperfect masters of the trades which are taught at their institutions, and consequently they are at a disadvantage with other competitors when they set out in the world; and they are crippled in the race of life, rendered doubly so by their lack of language. Many of them turn to other trades serving an apprenticeship in them, and they are lucky, indeed, if they master their trades so far as to be able to earn good wages; still others work on with but little pay, scarcely able to save any thing for their old age, in which case, a safe resting place, like the Home, would be a blessing to them. Deaf-mutes, able-bodied and willing to work, and others, by reason of their infirmities, whether of age or sickness, unable to support themselves, and if left to themselves would starve, find here at once shelter and support.

Thus the institution has two objects distinct from each other, and it is the intention of the Superintendent, Mr. Swett, to keep them so. As soon as circumstances will permit, separate buildings will be built for the inmates of the School and the Home, for so they should be designated.

A visit to the Beverly School and Farm, found everything in and around the building wearing a cheerful aspect, full of life and activity. The old farm house has changed with the change of circumstances; it has elevated itself a few feet or so and put on a new coat, looking as cheerful as the inmates do. On the first floor are the sitting-rooms, where we had an opportunity of seeing the little boys and girls, pupils of this germ of an institution—by the way, the institution has just been incorporated by the laws of Massachusetts. With one or two exceptions, the pupils, ranging in age from six to twelve years, look bright and contented. They readily told what they knew at the bidding of their teachers. There were among them two children who had presented a very pitiful spectacle when they first came, with their heads bent on their breasts, their eyes blinking and their arms twisted out of position. By a degree of patience and skill for which the officers of the School deserve credit, those unnatural faults of person were corrected and remedied so far, that when the mother of the one and the father of the other came to see what progress they had made, scarcely recognized their own children in the neat, cheerful little ones before them, and wept for joy at the sight of so marvelous a transformation. The neat appearance of the boys' and girls' dormitories, caused general pleasure on the part of the visitors. An inspection was next made of the school-rooms, of which there are two at present, with a prospect of more soon. Prof. Atwood is principal of the school, and he brings to his new position several years' experience as a teacher. Miss Nellie Swett, a daughter of the Superintendent, is doing what has struck us as a most admirable plan and a long step in deaf-mute education. She combines the two methods of teaching—articulation with such as are capable of it and the sign-language with all. Now, as we all know, it is mostly with their parents and nearest friends who are alone able to understand them, that the speaking deaf ever use what ever powers of speech they have, not being able to endure the amused

smile with which strangers or others sometimes hear their voices, or not being able to make themselves understood by others who are not familiar with their mode of speaking. What can be better than to cultivate the gift of speech for the benefit of parents and friends, with those who have the gift, and yet not sacrifice all their other powers to the end alone; as is too often done in schools where articulation is the only method taught? It is a combination of two methods the supporters of each of which claims it to be the best. Is not such a combination better than each separated? And is not a school which has invented this method worthy of praise, nay more, of support?

The building is protected from the cold north wind by slight elevations of the land. From the top of the highest elevation a beautiful view of green pastures, of hills and valleys studded with white-painted farm houses, and of the river winding its silvery way at the foot of the farm, pleases the eyes of one who loves everything beautiful in Nature. It is here that the school will be built if there are funds enough to warrant it. The sheltered vale for the old men and the open knoll for the robust children.

For the aid of the School, a fair was gotten up in Beverly by the daughters of the Superintendent. It was held in the Town Hall, and was well attended. Most of the articles for which so much a chance was offered for sale, were made at the School. A large, fine writing desk, made by Mr. Lurvey, an inmate of the Home, was much admired, as a specimen of what the Home has taught one of its inmates to do. The evening exercises were attended by a large crowd who manifested very keen interest in what was passing under their eyes. First in order of exercises was a fan-dance, by a troop of young girls dressed in spotless white. They went through the various evolutions in so graceful a manner, the beauty and striking variety of the fans adding greatly to the effect, that a few minutes later, the audience clamored for a repetition of it. Miss Lucy Swett, another of the Superintendent's daughters, took part in this drill, and Miss Nellie Swett led it. Then came a declamation, "Maud Muller" by Mrs. Atwood, rendered in spite of a few interruptions, with such grace of manner and beauty of description that it was a pleasure to listen with our eyes to the end of the long poem. The effect of the declamation may be imagined when we found ourselves sighing at the close "It might have been," Mrs. Atwood is a lady who charms one in private by her lively sallies of wit as much as she does in public by the manner of her acting. Then Prof. Atwood gave an exhibition of the pupils, and the progress they had made after so short a time of instruction was quite creditable. One little fellow in particular who had been but two weeks at school and could write only one word, "Cat," aroused a good deal of merriment on the part of the audience who applauded the acquisition even of this single word, for it was a stepping stone to the whole domain of the English language. This was succeeded by another declamation by Mrs. Atwood, of the "Rock of Ages," which was even better rendered than "Maud Muller." The exercises of the evening closed with the "Lord's Prayer" in signs, by Miss Lucy Swett. It was prettily rendered in a way that might have converted the hardest sinner present.

Lacy Swett is not a deaf-mute, as many may suppose from the fact that she signed the Lord's Prayer. Her manner of rendering showed the degree of proficiency to which a daughter of deaf-mute parents may attain in the sign-language. If she goes on as well as she begun, Mrs. Bowden, the deaf-mute daughter of Mr. Swett, who has good powers of declamation and has very often been called upon to exercise those powers in public, will have to look to her laurels. Among those who attended the fair were: Dr. Gallaudet, whose genial smile and happy remarks showed the serenity of a temper which takes all things good or ill with equal grace, Mr. and Mrs. Homer, of Boston; Mr. Osmond, of Natick, a rare type of a deaf-mute gentleman; Mr. Taylor, of Lawrence; Mrs. F. C. Davis and her friend Miss Richardson, of Newburyport; Harry and Hardy Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Southwick, Mr. Cross, Mr. Persis Bowden, and others.

Thomas Brown was there. His form is somewhat bent and he walks with a feeble step from very advanced age, but his mind, the vital principle that animates the feeble body, is as vigorous and as bright as ever. Having lived long and borne a part in many important affairs of the deaf and dumb, he is a store-house of interesting facts and reminiscences. So sagacious, so kindly disposed toward every one, it is no wonder he is so beloved and respected by the old and looked up to with veneration by the young, who call him by the affectionate title of uncle.

"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificent healthy country Texas really is."

Young gent—"Might I ask you, Miss—ah—Miss—"Very sorry, sr., but I'm engaged for the next three dances." Y. G.—"It is not dancing—ah—it—is—it's—beg your pardon, miss; you are sitting on my hat."

—Circus performers never heard by the season; they simply take spring board. Do you tumble?—Corry Press.

We, Us and Co.'s Right of Way.

"From right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a baby ring, you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again
To solve the mystery, but in vain;
Stand still and breathe, and take from me
A clue, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne; if you meet her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You entered easily—find where—
And make, with ease, your exit there."

With regard to aims in this life, we earnestly recommend all mutes, especially ladies, to aim high. Higher than the mark if possible, except in the case of cats on the back roof, and then if you don't aim square at the mark you are undeserving of any success in life.

Ere's to your health, Miss Mignon. Your pertinent note in the last issue of the JOURNAL, bore in on the vitals of We, Us & Co., was duly digested, and we call your attention to aims, given above, as especially worthy the personal by a lady so liable to miss the mark in calling us Amos. Ah, ha, not even poor, impolitical I, knows the personality of the firm of We, Us & Co.; and whether they belong to the feminine or masculine gender, will forever remain a mystery—at least to Indiana female scavengers. We are little, but, oh my—

"Hen Quill," does your mama know you are out. We think any one guilty of murdering the English language as you have been, should hardly be allowed to run at large.

Now let the National Venton boom. The first person who comes to us grumbling had better have on a cast-iron hide.

"O, why were farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.
Then let the boobies stay at home;
'T would cost them, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum,
Without the clowns that pay."

The powerful organization known as We, Us & Co. will take it all in, "Hieronyma," "Mignon" and the rest included, provided they come. Don't stay at home with your Mamas. Come. Don't be afraid that Mike will be "licked" down there.

Who says it is dull out here for news. We have no big institution, but a cranium chuck full of brains instead. Therefore what do we want with "Mignon's" scalp.

A boy had his head knocked off with a base ball last week; the bald-pated (this word is our own) men here went fishing last Sunday and were treated to ten cents cigars and a drink of six dollar whiskey, and yet the world is not so happy. The millennium is as far off as ever.

And now Hieronyma, in her dedication to "one of 'em College boys" compares herself to Rienzi. Did you ever hear the like? A silver dime will soothe her torn, lacerated and bleeding heart, and Mike will

National Deaf-Mute Convention.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me to annoy you and your readers once more about the Convention.

On inquiry, I find that the bug bear of "\$5 for hall, etc.," is nearly all moonshine, and Prof. R. P. McGreggor's communication in last JOURNAL is proof that a hall need no longer be a scarecrow. Judging from what Mr. McG. says in the JOURNAL, and his letters to me, I think we need not sweat much till we get there, and not then if the Convention is held in the real "castle in the air"—on the hill.

All offers of halls for the use of the Convention, free or otherwise, must be with no prior, present or prospective claims upon the Convention. It must be free and independent of personal, local, partisan and religious claims of every body, and of whatever nation, etc. For the Convention must be National, liberal and broad in all its forms and actions.

As the first Convention will be composed of mutes, self-delegated from all over the Union, and to be just to all, all must be allowed to vote, if so desired. Yet to make this voting just to each State represented, the votes must be prorated so as to give each State an equal number of votes and equal power in the Convention. To illustrate: Suppose Ohio has 20 mutes in the Convention who desire to vote, and Kentucky 10 mutes; those from Kentucky must vote twice, or their votes counted twice, as the Convention may elect, in order to make Kentucky equal to Ohio and all the States equal to one another. If Kentucky has 15 to Ohio's 20, then one and one-third vote must be allowed Kentucky so as to equal Ohio's. On this plan it makes no matter how many are in from Ohio or any other State, a single vote from Kansas will give that State equal chance and equal power to any other State more numerous represented; and little injustice can arise under this plan if managed right: and will be a check to all injustice, in way of one State having a controlling voice or power, and running the Convention in its exclusive interest. I hope all mutes will study up this plan and be prepared to contend for it in the Convention, intelligently. True, there is a small injustice in the plan, but "it is the least of the two evils," and the safest plan we can adopt at the first Convention.

At the next Convention, we can do a little better by electing State delegates, so that it will be composed of a certain number of delegates instead of "Tom, Dick and Harry."

As the Convention is a thing yet to be, it has no existing authority nor no one as its authorized Committee or Agent. Nor can any one, here or there, self-act for it. Hence the proposing by individuals that I act as one of a Committee, etc., for the Convention, is a doubtful question, and I must continue to decline to serve on such exceeding small outside minority, or "one man power." When the Convention meets, it then, and not before, can arrange its matters as to Committees, etc. One day may be lost in its preliminary affairs for want of a previous authority and Committees, etc., which can be avoided at the next Convention. This delay will be no great loss, as it will give members more time to get acquainted with each other before getting down to real work.

Nor is the nominating of this or that man for President, Treasurer, etc., proper before the Convention meets, as all such things are out of order. Names of persons can be suggested and reasons given, etc., for as to the ability or qualifications of a candidate or candidates, before the Convention meets. The selecting and electing of Convention officers I hope will be such as will give us the wisest and best men we have. Men of sound ideas, liberal views, clear understanding; men more noted for good common sense, etc., rather than mere brilliancy. Men of well known integrity and of good moral character, and who have ever loved and acted disinterested in the interest of humanity as well as for their own class.

With good officers, the Convention will be a success and an honest and an honorable affair, and will do much good, no matter if it should make a mistake or two, which will be no discredit as its good work will outweigh all else.

Permit me to close by suggesting that all mutes who intend to send in papers on subjects of interest to all mutes, if not also to others, to send their names and the topic or subject they intend to write about, to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL and the Chicago Letter. At least the name of the subject, so as to get the subjects distributed and avoid having more than two papers on one subject. By giving name and address and subject, and if desired, request others who feel interested in his subject, to send items, suggestions, etc., to him, so as to help him to make his paper better, by giving him ideas, experience, etc., that he may happen not to have or to think of. All papers should be carefully written, and in a clear, open hand, so as to be easily read by any one else who may be called upon to read it before the Convention; and so as to be easily and correctly read by printers, to avoid typographical errors, as all the papers and the proceedings of the Convention should be published in a pamphlet, for preserving for future use.

P. A. EMERY.
CHICAGO, May 26, 1880.

Do not, when narrating an incident continually say, "you see," "you know," etc.

Do not discuss politics or religion in general company. You probably would not convert your opponent and he will not convert you. To discuss these topics is to arouse feeling without any good result.

Do not allow yourself to use personal abuse when speaking to another, as in so doing you may make that person a life-long enemy. A few kind, courteous words might have made him a life-long friend.

Do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, of having visited foreign lands. All this is no evidence of any real genuine worth on your part.

Do not aspire to be a great story-teller; an inveterate teller of long stories becomes very tiresome. To tell one or two witty, short, new stories, appropriate to the occasion, is about all that one person should inflict on the company.

Do not use the surname alone when speaking of your husband or wife to others. "To say to another that 'I told Jones,'" referring to your husband, sounds badly. Whereas to say, "I told Mr. Jones," shows respect and good breeding.

Do not whisper in company; do not engage in private conversation; do not speak a foreign language which the general company present may not understand, unless it is understood that the foreigner is unable to speak your own language.

Do not take it upon yourself to admonish comparative strangers on religious topics; the persons to whom you speak may have decided convictions of their own in opposition to yours, and your over zeal may seem to them an impertinence.

Do not attempt to pry into the private affairs of others by asking what their profits are, what things cost, whether Melissa ever had a beau, and why Amarette never got married? All such questions are extremely impertinent, and are likely to meet with rebuke.

Do not indulge in satire; no doubt you are witty, and you could say a most cutting thing that would bring the laugh of the company down upon your opponent, but you must not allow it, unless to rebuke some impertinent fellow who can be suppressed in no other way.

Do not spend your time in talking scandal; you sink your own moral nature by so doing, and you are, perhaps, doing great injustice to those about whom you talk. You probably do not understand all the circumstances. Were they understood, you would doubtless be much more lenient.

College Chronicle.

President Gallaudet reached home Saturday from Northampton.

The First Annual Report of the College Y. M. C. A. is out.

"Young Bachelor," you are rather too fresh. Next time you give advice be sure that the recipients need it.

"Rambling Soph" desires to inform "Mignon" that Miss McKay is not his sweetheart, and that he has an eye on Miss —, if she must know the fact.

"There will" say soon be a match game of base ball between the "College" and the "Prep" nines for the championship. Wonder who'll win.

The following students expect to attend the Convention next August, if nothing prevents them. R. Long, Ohio; G. Dougherty, Missouri; L. Larson, Wis.; J. Leib, Ohio; J. Carraway, Miss.; N. F. Morrow, J. Brown, and C. Kerney, of Indiana; O. E. Herr, Ky.; J. Viets, Ohio; and probably Thos. F. Fox, of New York. "Chief Weatherford" will see from the above that the students can do their own thinking and do not need any suggestions from him.

Ranald Douglas has opened a photographic gallery on Seventh Street near Maryland Avenue. He is doing a good business on account of the merit of his work.

LESTER MONTROSE.

Forty-Fourth Street Institution.

Whew! what warm weather. How high does the mercury stand? and similar exclamations were uttered by both teachers and pupils almost every day during the week.

The weather has been unusually warm for the past week, and umbrella and fan merchants have done a "thriving" business in the sale of their wares, and lemonade venders with the signs "Lemonade made to order while you wait" received an unusual patronage from the merchants, lawyers, etc., down town. Thus the warm weather was prosperous to some and many were grumbling at the now fierce old "Sol," who a month ago were wishing him to shine in all his glory; but of course I don't mean to say that they wanted him to be as fierce as he was this week. We did not have such warm weather a year ago until (according to Prof. Draper) the 18th of July. Many were the cases of sunstroke and prostration from the fierce heat, but,

"Of all the ills that human kind endure, Small is the part which laws can cause or cure."

Owing to the heat, school closed here at eleven in the morning, and at fifteen minutes past two in the afternoon. The teachers and pupils found it uncomfortable, I tell you, and did all they could to keep the room cool by sprinkling water over the floor, and in places where the sun shone most of the time. One of the teachers kept her room so cool that when three o'clock came she was loth to leave it. None of the pupils were allowed to go out except on certain occasions, because the teachers thought something would surely happen to them.

Last Tuesday, Mr. Greenberger and his wife started for the Clarke Institution in Northampton. They bade us all good bye and we wished them a pleasant trip and a speedy return. On Thursday Mrs. Greenberger returned alone, and the next evening Mr. Greenberger arrived, and when he came into the school-room he was immediately surrounded by a host of little ones who pulled him here and there in their attempts to get near him, so great was their delight to have him back. The reason I think which brought Mrs. Greenberger back before her husband was ill health, while Mr. Greenberger, on the other hand, was in excellent spirits and health.

Those of our pupils who had models or drawings on exhibition at the Cooper Union, were in excellent spirits because the Exhibition would be open on Thursday, and they could take their friends and relatives to see the exhibition, for deaf-mutes like to take their friends all around the room where an exhibition is being held, or over an institution. On Thursday your correspondent did not attend the exhibition, but went on the following evening. All the rooms were crowded with people. Among them were many noted artists. The pictures were beautifully arranged, and those which carried off the prizes were marked to indicate what prize they won for their owners. The pictures executed by some of our boys occupied a conspicuous place among the other drawings. There were many deaf-mutes present who did not belong to this Inst., and who attracted a great deal of attention by their signs. I have neither time nor space to tell all that was to be seen.

Among those from this Inst., were the President of the "S. L. U." with Miss —, the Vice-President and Miss — "Archimedes" and Miss —, Fred L. Peak, Minnie Klaus, Emma Kenode and many others.

Among the drawings from east, were several executed by J. F. Treach, a former pupil of this Inst. There was also a portrait of the late Prof. Veinno, drawn by Treach.

Vacation is only two weeks off, and they bid good bye to each other, probably never to meet again. All are, of course, happy to go home and mingle once more with their friends, but when the time comes for them to go they will do it only with a feeling of regret and sorrow. As they look back upon the past, they cannot help thinking of the pleasure and happiness they have had. I, for my part, shall be sorry when I leave, for I don't expect to return in the fall. I have had a great deal of pleasure and happiness here, but still I cannot help

looking back upon my first years at the Inst. without a feeling akin to mortification, when I think of my waywardness, my disobedience and want of respect for my superiors. But something occurred which I may well consider as the turning-point of my school life, if not of my whole life. I don't mean to tell about it here, for let by-gones be by-gones. I have been reformed by kindness, for a little drop of oil will keep a machine running, while a hundred barrels of vinegar will only make it rusty and unfit for use.

May 29, 1880.

Floats at Jetsam, Continued.

The weather has finally freed itself of the chilliness of Old Boreas. The school term closes on the 23d, instead of the 30th of June, this time.

Prof. William H. DeMotte, Principal of the Wisconsin Institution, honored the Indiana Institution with a flying visit on the 20th of May. He met many of his old co-operators. He was one of Indiana's best teachers, and if I am right in my judgment, he is one of the best principals in any of the Western States.

The Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann preached to the pupils both morning and evening in the chapel, one day last week.

The city is filling up with deaf-mutes from many States. New York is represented by a very dark brunette, whose name is so slippery that it could not stick to our memory. Louisiana is represented by a deaf and dumb gentleman. He is a strolling actor and clown. North Carolina is represented by a real negro, as black as black can be—very intelligent, indeed.

Ex-Professor William R. Corwin would make a capital weigh-master at the Vulcan Steel Works. He took a full course in the Bryant & Stratton Commercial College, and has already filled a clerk's position in a bank with satisfaction and credit to himself. He has also filled other places such as the clerk's and cashier's place at the Studebaker Wagon Factory, at South-bend, Ind. His hand-writing is excellent, being very clear. His address is No. 42 South Arsenal Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

C. W. Woods' uncle, Col. Ira Woods, formerly of Worcester, Mass., and lately of Cincinnati, recently died of cancer in the stomach. He died childless, and bequeathed his wealth to immediate relatives. Mr. E. W. Wood, of Greenfield, was the recipient of a \$350 gold watch and chain.

The Institute park looks more like a botanical garden than any thing else nowadays. It never looked better.

Mr. H. C. Hammond, Superintendent of the Arkansas Institute, called soon after Mr. W. H. DeMotte left. He was pretty close upon his heels.

"Mignon" will consent to the use of her name as a candidate for the Presidency of the National Re-Union (not Convention) at Cincinnati. "Re-Union" is the proper term to apply to the gathering of that class of people. "Convention" would be the proper application were the mutes delegated and sent there by the people. It is only a pleasure-gathering of mutes for the purpose of renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones, and for their own selfish gratification instead of that of the people. Therefore the name ought to be changed from Convention to Re-Union. People here won't understand the term "Convention" applied to the gatherings of such a class of people. If Re-Union don't suit them, they should by all means try to find a term that will apply more appropriately than the legal and business-like term "Convention."

The Rev. A. W. Mann says no deaf and dumb preacher, lecturer, orator or actor ever had an "audience." He says "audience" is not the proper term to apply to such gatherings. He says "Congregation" is the proper application when the deaf and dumb preacher, or lecturer, or orator has no hearing persons and no interpreter. Re-Union would be the most appropriate and dignified term.

Mr. McGreggor says with emphasis, that the talk is over now and business must begin at once. We'll stop and go to work in dead earnest as soon as they have agreed upon a more appropriate and dignified name. Mr. McG. may rest assured that we'll stick to our word.

J. M. T. Davis, late inmate of the hard-fare (?) hotel, in Columbus, O., with a friend, paid the Indiana Institution a nocturnal visit recently. He met an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for fourteen years.

We have reliable (?) information that the National Convention, so-called, will be held in a beer garden. This explains why it will be held to the mutes free of charge. Too bad, but the writer is not surprised at all; 'cause he objected to its being held there. He regrets it is to be held in a very indecent place. Rather rent a respectable hall at \$10 per day than a beer garden free.

The remains of Col. Ira Wood were taken to Foster, R. I., for interment, in charge of Mr. L. Norton, son-in-law of deceased.

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull used often to call him the king of fools. "I wish," said the fellow one day, "you could make your words good, as I then would be the monarch of the world."

A Boston lawyer told another lawyer, who asked him a question, that he usually received pay for his advice. "Then," said lawyer No. 1, "extending 50 cents," "telling me all you know, and hand back the change."

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

Ha! "A. S. W." so you can't rest content with the silent but ardent admiration these eyes of mine have bestowed on the *grande parure* that envelops your form divine, but must proclaim it to the whole world. What shall I say? What can I say? Every one knows or ought to know, that any thing which passes through your hands cannot but partake of the nature of yourself, and be beautiful. Aye! it is beautiful; positively beautiful; and I might exhaust all the synonymous words in the dictionary, and not give the readers of the JOURNAL the least idea of its actual perfection.

Now, after such a laudatory puff as this, will you dare call me a "Diogenes"? Will you dare to insinuate that I am not a gallant? and after my exhibition of bread chopping, can you fail to admit that I am generous to a fault?

Of course when you came down, so hard on the turned up noses, you let that beastly prep. know in your next *billet de amour* that he was not included in the general category. I won't deny that I need a good white-washing, but, considering the time you have fixed for the job, I am afraid I will never get it.

"Bella," "Tory," wishes me to inform you that the reason why he has buried the pen is, he has discovered that the word Whig originally meant sour whey, and thinks you are just too sweet to be called that; he also wants to know if you have found that "something" yet. Mean in him, wasn't it, to use such means to find out your name? but, you know, "all is fair in love and war."

Wouldn't I be glad to accept what I suppose I may consider an invite to attend your croquet party, especially as I have forgotten nearly all I knew for three years, and would expect one of the three graces to take me in hand; but I am afraid that she (you know who) would think the presence of even insignificant me, sufficient cause for dressing up in yellow and going on a rumper, so I must regretfully and respectfully decline the honor.

The picture of the Institution with vignette has just been published. It was lithographed by James S. Reider assisted by Mr. Arms, and is very well done, considering the short time our young artist has been under tuition.

Prof. J. H. Pettengill, who, on account of ill health, was forced to leave his class and the city, has returned, and looks considerably better.

It may be of some satisfaction to those who have been taken in by Hieronymus's tender (?) epistles, to know that he came near having those useless and unsightly appendages, his ears taken off by the young ladies on his birthday. It would have done their hearts good to hear him squeal.

The boys' articulation class gave an exhibition on the 8th inst., at which most of the directors and a few invited guests were present. After the exercises by the pupils, Dr. Boche gave a short address. What he said none of us know, but it is rumored that Philadelphia will soon have an articulation school for semi-mutes.

"O lead me, guide me, from the sultry hours, Hide me ye gods within your closest bowers."

The mercury, borne up by the caressing rays of old Sol, has more than once stood at 90 degrees in the shade. The refreshing streams of coolness that sometimes flow from the forbidden regions, however, keep us from trying to commit suicide with our audiphones. Now, young ladies, don't pretend not to understand.

Two of the boys have left us to accompany their parents to New York, where they will in the future reside. They say they will enter one of the institutions there, next fall. B. W. PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1880.

Why girls can't get husbands.

One of the greatest social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriageable women who never get married. Some say it is owing to an excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of which there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and figures show that there are as many men in it as women. Others attribute it to the expensiveness of modern life. Men do not marry because it is said they can't afford it. But the fact truly is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to become engaged to her and eventually marry her because of her poverty. There are cold-blooded men, with no idea of any feeling for a woman stronger than languid admiration, who may be deterred from assuming what they regard as a burden in the shape of a wife unless assured of a liberal income, but most are not so calculating. Others, again, attribute the evil to woman's fastidiousness. They expect too much in a husband, and, while waiting for an impossible shadow, let the possible substance slip through their fingers. This is a libel on the sex. As a rule, they are no more fastidious than men are, and are just as susceptible as men to that enchantment of love which invests its object with every perfection and covers up every fault. So far as men and women are concerned, they are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there are women waiting for husbands and not getting them. They are sensible, and under proper training they would make excellent wives and mothers but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more thorough method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other.—Golden Era.

Etiquette of Conversation.

From Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms.

Do not manifest impatience. Do not engage in argument. Do not interrupt another when speaking.

Do not find fault, though you may gently criticize.

Do not talk of your private, personal and family matters.

Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

Do not allude to unfortunate peculiarities of anyone present.

Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather.

Do not intrude professional or other topics that the company generally cannot take an interest in.

Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear, yet mild, gentle and musical voice has great power.

Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand.

Do not speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present may have the same defects.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give you their confidence never betray it.

Do not use profanity, vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring a blush to anyone.

Do not interperse your language with foreign words and high sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company know nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

Do not allow yourself to speak ill of the absent one if it can be avoided; the day may come when some friend will be needed to defend you in your absence.

Do not speak with contempt and ridicule of a locality where you may be visiting. Find something to truthfully praise and commend; thus make yourself agreeable.

Do not make a pretense of gentility, nor parade the fact that you are a descendant of a notable family. You must pass for just what you are, and must stand on your own merit.

Do not contradict. In making a correction say, "I beg your pardon, but I had an impression that it was so and so." Be careful in contradicting as you may be wrong yourself.

Do not be unduly familiar; you will merit contempt if you are. Neither should you be dogmatic in your assertions, arrogating to yourself much consequence in your opinion.

Do not feel it incumbent upon yourself to carry your point in conversation. Should the person with whom you are conversing feel the same, your talk will lead into violent argument.

Do not be too lavish in your praise of various members of your own family when speaking to strangers; the person to whom you are speaking may know some faults that you do not.

Do not discuss politics or religion in general company. You probably would not convert your opponent and he will not convert you. To discuss these topics is to arouse feeling without any good result.

Do not allow yourself to use personal abuse when speaking to another, as in so doing you may make that person a life-long enemy. A few kind, courteous words might have made him a life-long friend.

Do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, of having visited foreign lands. All this is no evidence of any real genuine worth on your part.

Do not aspire to be a great story-teller; an inveterate teller of long stories becomes very tiresome. To tell one or two witty, short, new stories, appropriate to the occasion, is about all that one person should inflict on the company.

Do not use the surname alone when speaking of your husband or wife to others. "To say to another that 'I told Jones,'" referring to your husband, sounds badly. Whereas to say, "I told Mr. Jones," shows respect and good breeding.

Do not whisper in company; do not engage in private conversation; do not speak a foreign language which the general company present may not understand, unless it is understood that the foreigner is unable to speak your own language.

Do not take it upon yourself to admonish comparative strangers on religious topics; the persons to whom you speak may have decided convictions of their own in opposition to yours, and your over zeal may seem to them an impertinence.

Do not attempt to pry into the private affairs of others by asking what their profits are, what things cost, whether Melissa ever had a beau, and why Amarette never got married? All such questions are extremely impertinent, and are likely to meet with rebuke.

Do not indulge in satire; no doubt you are witty, and you could say a most cutting thing that would bring the laugh of the company down upon your opponent, but you must not allow it, unless to rebuke some impertinent fellow who can be suppressed in no other way.

Do not spend your time in talking scandal; you sink your own moral nature by so doing, and you are, perhaps, doing great injustice to those about whom you talk. You probably do not understand all the circumstances. Were they understood, you would doubtless be much more lenient.

Household Recipes.

SNOWBALL CAKE. Cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, whites 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda, teaspoonful cream tartar sifted with flour; beat butter and sugar thoroughly together; add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff foam, then the flour and milk, and the soda last.

CREAM CHOCOLATES. Pound sugar, cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound chocolate; scrape the chocolate and set it over a teakettle of boiling water to melt into a paste; boil the sugar and water ten or fifteen minutes, then take off and beat rapidly until it is creamy, flavor to taste, then roll into small balls, allowing a teaspoonful to a ball, then dip the ball into the chocolate until covered; for this you can use two forks, handling the balls carefully. Lay them on buttered paper to cool.

ANGEL PUDDINGS. 2 ounces flour, 2 ounces powdered sugar, 2 ounces butter melted in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint new milk, 2 eggs; mix well. Bake the above in small patty pans until nicely browned. A little powdered sugar should be sifted over each pudding, and slices of lemon served with them. The eggs must be well beaten before they are added to the other ingredients.

TO COLOR BLANC MANGE. The druggists sell two kinds of colored isinglass—a bright carmine and a purple or grape color. After making the white gelatine, use the colored by carefully adding the quantity of either purple or carmine to produce the desired tint. For a yellow tint, the yolk of a raw egg, added to the quantity of the prepared blanc mange, with the white gelatine, (added to milk); for brown, chocolate is added to the same; for green, green spinach juice obtained by bruising up the green leaves, after cooking very slightly, and straining.

MOLASSES TAFFY. 2 cups molasses, cup sugar, small piece butter; boil hard for twenty minutes; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda; try if it is brittle, if not, boil a few minutes longer. Pour out in two buttered dishes. Nuts may be added, if you like, just before the soda.

ROLY-POLY PUDDING.—Boil some good sized potatoes, mash them, add a pint of flour, work the potatoes and flour well together until the paste is sufficiently thick, spread over it preserved or fresh fruit. Put it into a well floured cloth and boil two hours.

ENGLISH BUNS.—Quarter pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, four eggs, one wine-glass of yeast, one pint of milk with a little cinnamon and nutmeg. After it is well raised, add a half pound of sugar and six ounces of flour. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

LEMON GINGER CAKE.—Quarter pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three eggs, one small cup of milk, the same quantity of molasses, three and a quarter pounds of flour, teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and tablespoonful of saleratus dissolved in the milk, the rind of two lemons and the juice of one.

The Dignity of Housekeeping.

Where is there any station higher than the ordering of the house? While the husband has to vex himself with outward matters, while he has wealth to gather and secure, while perhaps he takes part in the administration of the state, and everywhere depends upon circumstances; ruling nothing, I may say, while he conceives what is ruling much; compelled to be politic where he would be open, to be false where he would be upright; while thus for the sake of an object which he never reaches, he must every moment sacrifice the first of objects, harmony with himself—a reasonable housewife is actually governing in the interior of her family; has the comfort and activity of every person in it to provide for, and make possible. What is the highest happiness of mortals, if not to execute what we consider right and good, to be really masters of the means conducive to our aims, be it but in the interior of our home? All those indispensable and still to be renewed supplies, where do we except, do we require to find them if not in the place where we rise and where we go to sleep, where kitchen and cellar and every species of accommodation for ourselves and ours is to be always ready? What unvarying activity is needed to conduct this constantly recurring series in unbroken living order! How few are the men to whom it is given to return regularly like a star, to command their day as they command their night; to form for themselves their household instruments, to sow and to reap, to gain and to expend and to travel around their circle with perpetual success and peace and love! It is when a woman has attained this inward mastery that she truly makes the husband whom she loves a master; her attention will require all sorts of knowledge; her activity will return them all to profit. Thus is she dependent upon no one, and she procures her husband genuine independence, that which is interior and domestic; whatever he possesses he beholds secured; what he earns, well employed, and thus he can direct his mind to lofty objects, and if fortune favor he may act in the State the same character which so well becomes his wife at home.

—Margaret Cavendish, in the New York Mail, exclaims against "the paragon boy." Perhaps she prefers the long-primer or the double-small-pica boy. About a printing office a "brilliant" boy is in demand—not too brilliant, but just brilliant enough—though some printers prefer an "old style" boy.—Norristown Herald.

How to Judge a Horse.

1. Never take the seller's word; if dishonest he will be certain to cheat you; if disposed to be fair, he may have been the dupe of another, and will deceive you through representations which cannot be relied upon.

2. Never trust to a horse's mouth as a sure to index his age.

3. Never buy a horse while in motion; watch him while he stands at rest and you will discover his weak points. If sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs, without moving any of them, the feet planted flat upon the ground, with legs plumb and naturally poised. If one foot is thrown forward with the toe pointing to the ground and the heel raised, or if the foot is raised from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease of the navicular bone may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is precursor of disease. If the foot is thrown out, the toe raised and the heel brought down, the horse has suffered from laminitis, founder, or the back sinews have been sprained, and he is of little future value. When the feet are all drawn together beneath the horse, if there has been no disease there is a misplacement of the limbs at least and a weak disposition of the muscles. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart or straddles with the hind legs there is a weakness of the loins and the kidneys are disordered. When the knees are bent and the legs totter and tremble, the breast has been ruined by heavy pulling and will never be right again, whatever rest and treatment he may have. Contracted or ill formed hoofs speak for themselves.